Jan. 4, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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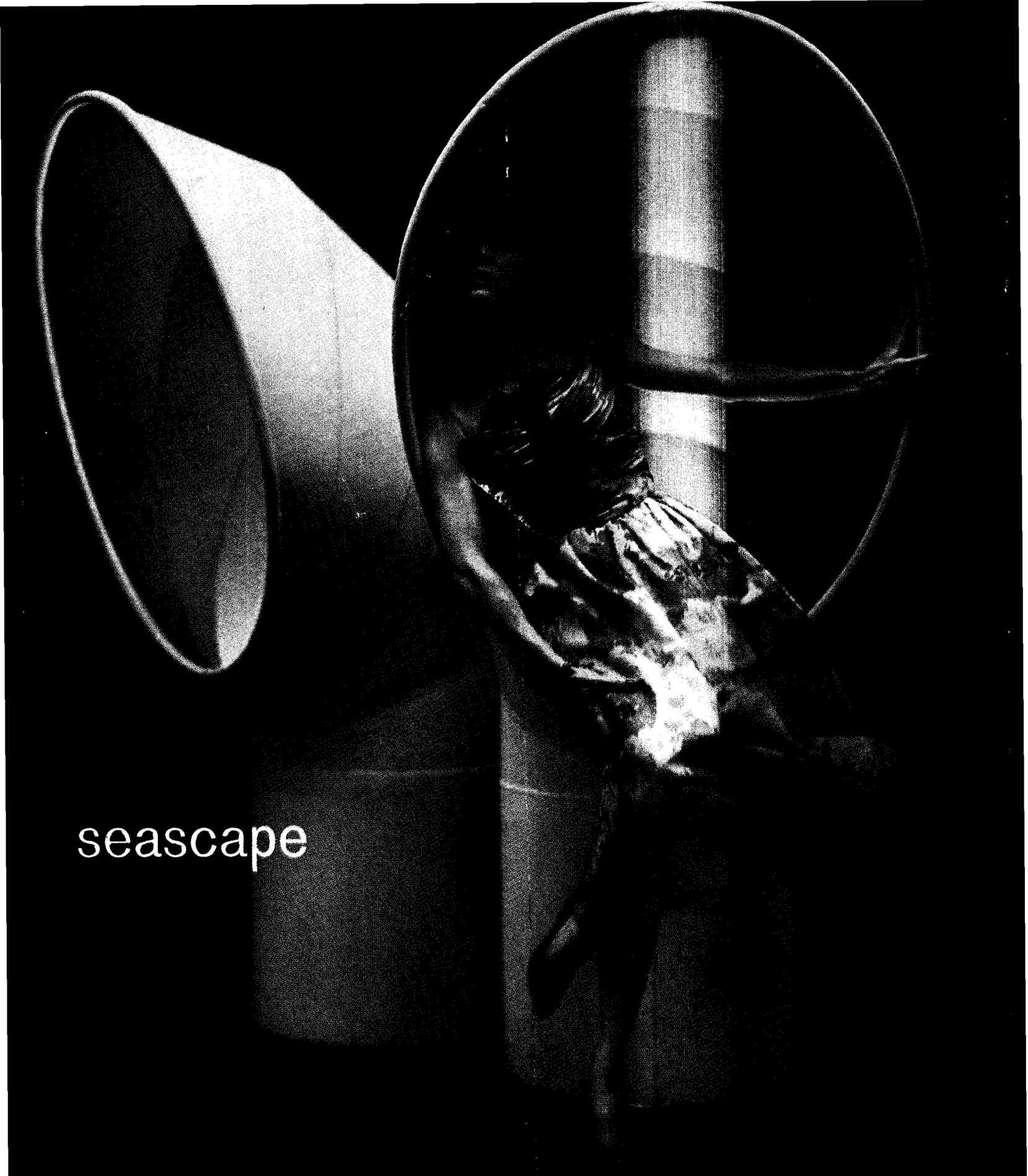

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE CAVE DWELLERS—While a good deal of William Saroyan's play about love among the lost is charming, a lot more of it may strike you as rather tiresome, shapeless, and familiar. The cast, directed by Carmen Capalbo, is headed by Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COMPULSION—This adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel based on the Loeb-Leopold case is crowded and eventful, but its literary merit is at best debatable. Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva are prominent in the enormous cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE COUNTRY WIFE—Admirers of Restoration drama may be enchanted by this revival of Wycherley's remarkably bawdy comedy, but it calls for a very special taste. Julie Harris, Pamela Brown, and Laurence Harvey head the largely British cast, which was directed by George Devine. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—Although William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties probably tries to cover too much ground, it is often very funny and touching just the same. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' set are extremely commendable, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

FAIR GAME—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcée through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 5.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and brilliantly performed. The cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3807. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith bring three members of the Gant family wonderfully to life, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISS ISOBEL—Shirley Booth in a play by Michael Plant and Denis Webb. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke and produced by Leonard Sillman and John Roberts. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

NUDE WITH VIOLIN—Noël Coward's comedy, in which he stars with all his old, tremendous skill, is based on the supposition that modern art is largely the work of idiots and children, and the humor is correspondingly tedious and primitive. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. The set, a Paris studio, was designed by Oliver Smith. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7050. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ROPE DANCERS—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear, but the play is impressively sincere, and, at times, moving. Boris Aronson is responsible for the apt setting. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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TIME REMEMBERED—Helen Hayes gives another of her incomparable performances in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Oliver Smith and Miles White designed the first-rate sets and costumes; Vernon Duke composed the apposite incidental music; and among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: Rosalind Russell is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. Tom Ewell is the hero; he will be succeeded on Friday, Jan. 10, by Johnny Carson. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:40.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman (Cyril Ritchard) who drops in on a Virginia household. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

FUN AND MAGIC—Cornelia Otis Skinner and her character sketches, plus Fred Keating and his sleight of hand, to say nothing of some sleight of hand by Miss Skinner and some character sketches by Mr. Keating. Presented by Shepard Traube. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

JAMAICA—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some excellent ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a book that is somewhat witless. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is wonderful in the leading role, and his more than capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, Pert Kelton, Iggie Wolfington, and Dusty Worrall. The 1912 Midwestern sets and costumes were designed by Howard Bay and Raoul Pène duBois, respectively; Onna White staged the dances; and Morton Da Costa directed. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and if

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it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Alice Pearce, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Joyce Gladmond, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Jan. 3-5: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Jan. 10: "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Circle in the Square—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Cricket Theatre—Vicki Cummings in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-0305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Gate Theatre—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With Eileen Ryan and James Patterson. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8706. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—A double bill, "The Lesson" and "The Chairs," by Eugene Ionesco, with Eli Wallach, Joan Plowright, and Max Adrian. Staged by Tony Richardson. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 9, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Renata Theatre—Ben Hecht's new play "Winkelberg," based on the life of the late poet Maxwell Bodenheim, with Mike Kellin in the title role. Lee Falk is producer-director. Previews Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 7-12, at 8:40. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 14. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Sullivan Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Wednesdays and Thursdays, except Jan. 2, at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

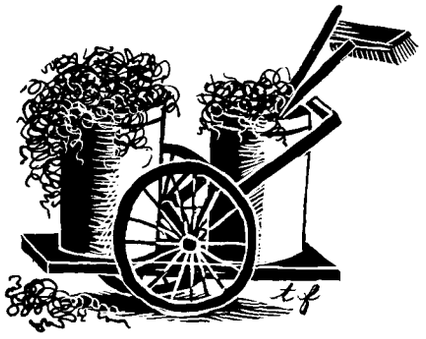
Theatre East—"Tobias and the Angel," a play by James Bridie, directed by Bill Penn. Opens Thursday, Jan. 2. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-0220. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast, under the direction of Herbert Machiz, includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. Presented by John C. Wilson and Warner LeRoy. Previews at 8:40 through Sunday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 7. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Gounod Symphony" (première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3: "Four Temperaments," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 4: "Con Amore," "Pastorale," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 5: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Square Dance." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 7: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Prodigal Son," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 8: "Con Amore," "Pastorale," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Firebird," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Swan Lake," "Still Point," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30.)



Dance Recital—Merce Cunningham and his company, May O'Donnell and her company, and Iva Kitchell. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:40.)

Inbal—The first performances here by the Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. Opens Monday, Jan. 6, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sunday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a cityscape of dazzle without razzle, murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The grandiloquent Cotillion Room has been converted into an excellent rest home—no fanfare, no fury. In their stead, you'll find Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon, and a few clear, bell-tone arias from a well-brought-up young lady named Liz Doubleday. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carol Channing, in her childhood days a diamond miner by the name of Lorelei Lee, has just come home from the mines of Las Vegas to sing, prance, and tell us about the fearsome sights and people who dwell in that fictitious city. She's rolling her koala-bear eyes in the Persian Room, whose presiding officer is Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano style, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band. The vice-president is Mark Monte's quintet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendezvous, a perfect setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, its saxophones fainting in those famous coils, is bringing its annual consignment of sweetness and light to the Grill, where it is on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where the sassy dinner and supper oratorios are executed by Julie Wilson, a picturesque as well as statuesque girl, suitable for framing in a fur coat, a Cadillac, and the hearts of her countrymen. In between times, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands tinkle away the livelong night. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Plenty of room for dancing in the Café Rouge, where the music comes from Les and Larry Elgart's band, a firm believer in do-it-yourself orchestrations. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dinner and supper pageant in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Empire Room is largely the songs of Pearl Bailey, a lady firm in the belief that Man is born to Trouble, and Trouble is what Mlle. B. aims to give him. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's and Dick Farney's trios from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—Pie in the sky, to say nothing of canapés and cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Bud Gregg, the incumbent pianist, ends his run here on Sunday, Jan. 5. The store will be closed, as usual, on Monday, and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, Jack Banan, pianist, and a bass-playing pal will open up at ten-thirty with a subdued jazz séance. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): While the owner, Goldie Hawkins, is away on sabbatical, Otis Clements and Wayne Sanders are keeping the piano warm. The music begins at six. Everybody here seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hugh Shannon, in whose husky voice there is more than a touch of that old black magic, is playing piano and singing the songs of a happier, far more harum-scarum day. He starts at eleven. A trio with which Denzil Best and the West Coast pianist Cecil Young are concerned turns on the heat from time to time. Mondays, another trio has the place to itself. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, as well as perambulating minstrels, whose music is all valentines, and the suppertime songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in a new and handsome setting, offering the mixture as before—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently

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as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-0221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Rather grand but rather relaxed, too. George Feyer plays tinkly piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. The room is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti evolves a very rambling sort of piano from five to ten. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Louis Armstrong, ancient of days, is still carrying on (and that is the phrase for it), though some of the men who made his jazz band a great one have gone to other rewards. He does his last acrobatics on Wednesday, Jan. 8; next evening, Nat King Cole will become the principal and possibly only attraction. Dancing, too, though it's not easy to cross the floor even on a green light.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5908): Tom Lehrer, senior Harvard wrangler in mathematics, the iambic pentameter, the ballad, and the piano, ends his midyear holiday here on Saturday, Jan. 4; the next day, Orson Bean, who carefully studied animal husbandry at Harvard before he began raising shaggy dogs, moves uptown from the Village Vanguard. Already on hand are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, reciting excerpts from their faintly insane history of American social and unsocial habits; Jorie Remus, a girl in the market for a small, comfortable hell she can raise; and Felicia Sanders, whose dramatic soprano plays like chain lightning through a set of sad ballads and frolicsome ones. (Monday, Jan. 6, is the last night for the Nichols-May family, by the way. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there'll be a session by the Lyonses. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging mice (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law) scampering only inches ahead of a big, bold cat (Ronny Graham).

The architect of this project is Julius Monk; its rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty is the zero hour; Sunday is the holiday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A visit to a small and one-of-a-kind planet, which is also within the orbit of Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room. Songs and enigmatic sayings by Lovey Powell, San Francisco's pet girl muse; songs with *haute-monde* lyrics by Hubbell Pierce; songs with lovelorn lyrics by Warren Vaughn; and late-night piano by Brooks Morton. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Orson Bean and his jokes move uptown after Saturday, Jan. 4; on Tuesday, Jan. 7, Irwin Corey and his modern-undress Shakespeare repertoire check in. Beverly Kenney, the singer of the evening, who sounds like the twelve-tone scale when she and Ellis Larkins' duo get wrapped up in their jazz-with-a-beat, is staying put, and so is the rest of the music, purely instrumental and purely in the new idiom, which is set forth by the quartet recently constructed by Lee Konitz. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nonsense by the bewitched Kaye Ballard, back in town with a whole new Pandora's box of verbiage, and parody by Tony and Eddie, two claps of thunder who are roguish beyond belief. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance; and Morgana King, one of the most persuasive of the newfangled tune twisters, are around, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, persiflage with its head in the clouds but its feet on the ground issues from the lips of Igor & H., an outstanding pair of student misanthropes, and chirruping by Betty O'Neill. There's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. They are off Sundays, when old movies are added; Mondays, amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane, carpeted wall to wall and motivated by people who see no harm in a little fun, such as the pale-gold Isobel Robins, who was born to be a lyric soubrette; Jack Gilford, the sad-sack soldier of "Romanoff and Juliet," who looks in after the theatre to spring jokes of his own coining; and Cynthia Gooding, who can lay her hands (and voice) on country songs no one else can find. An instrumental trio helps out. Mr. Gilford and Miss Gooding depart on Wednesday, Jan. 8; Milt Kamen, a wit whose mind is a many-chambered nautilus, arrives the following night, along with Mike Nichols and Elaine May, transfer-students from the Blue Angel, *q.v.* above. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): After twelve years of hot nights in old Greenwich Village, Mr. Condon and his Chicago stylists (Wild Bill Davison, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall) will give way to progress, though not to progressive music. The final ceremonies before the building is torn down will take place on Friday, Jan. 3, or shortly thereafter. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Here the pianoforte is god. In the evening, Mary Lou Williams and Billy Taylor, two pillars in the great temple of modern music, take turns at the keyboard, their trios in full cry behind them, and Johnny Mehegan, an earlier bird, does an involuted turn at

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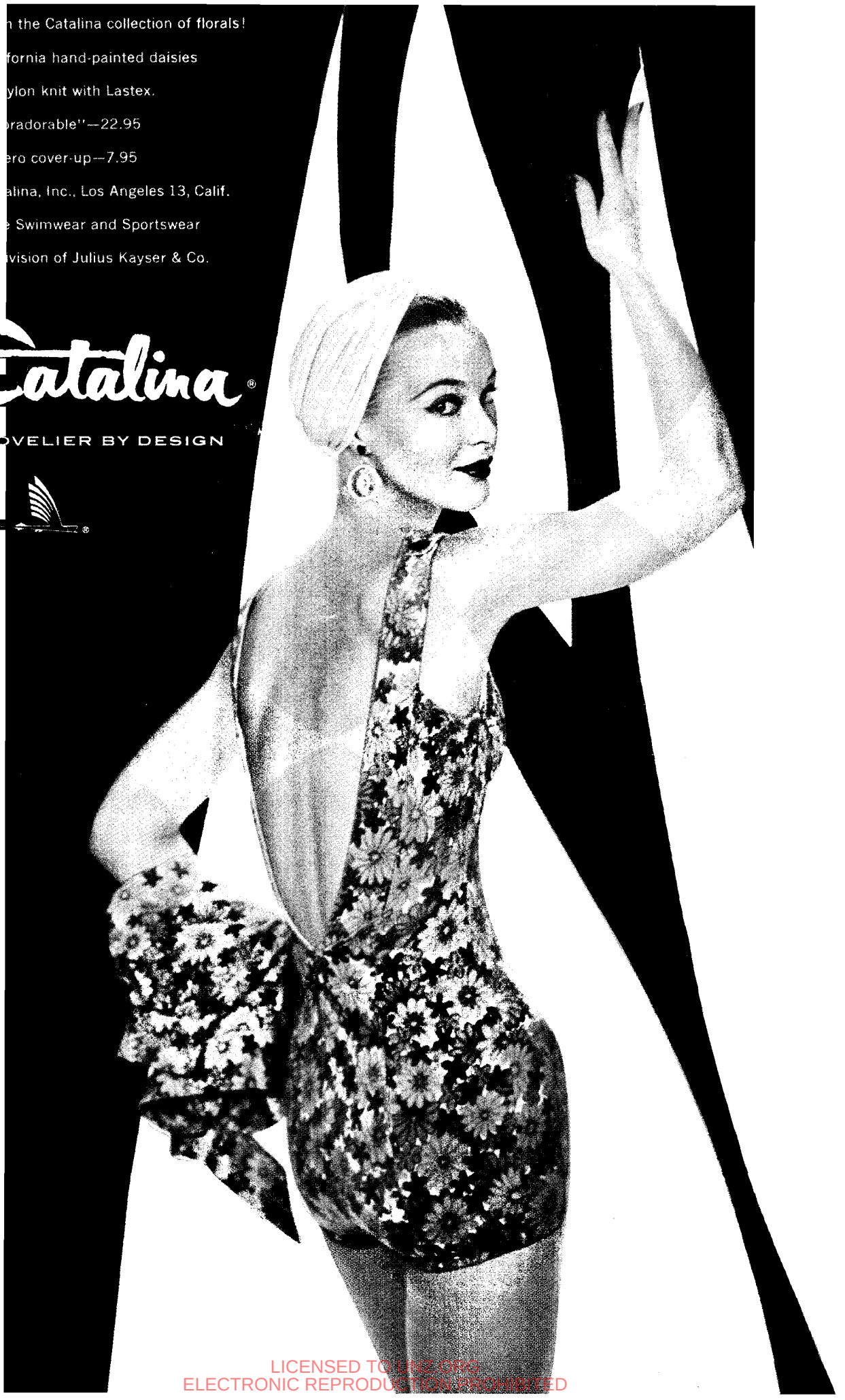

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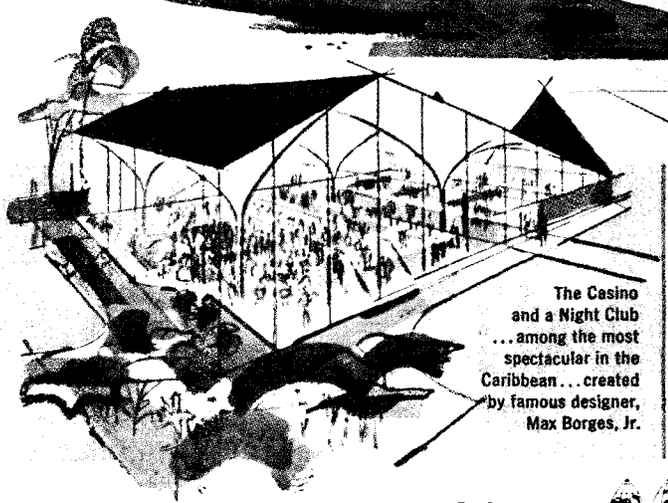

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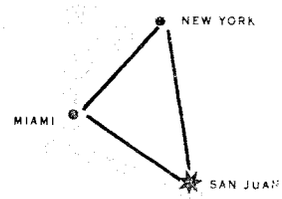

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the piano from six to nine in the evening and all night Sundays and Mondays; Saturday is his holiday. The Williamses are away on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The trumpet of Miles Davis, which can create miraculous patterns when it's of a mind to, dominates an avant-garde quintet; Johnny Richards, arranger as well as musician, is offering a new group of fellow-workers. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland lays fleet hands upon the piano. Her message is couched in the most up-to-date phraseology, and it's embellished by the work of two sidemen. Dick Katz, another up-to-dater, is the soloist professor. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Barbara Carroll, whose piano impressions of the latter-day music have all at once a vigor, a delicacy, a humor, and a warmth for which there are no substitutes, is taking herself and her trio away at curfew time Saturday, Jan. 4. Oscar Nord, another cool head, has the use of the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHERRY LANE,** 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): In surroundings as resplendent as the Baths of Caracalla, a cluster of forward-looking citizens (Eddie Costa, Joe Puma, and Vinnie Burke) show what can be done with piano, guitar, and bass, and show it quietly. Ronnie Bright's trio is also in attendance. They check in at ten. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): In what was once the ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, Bobby Hackett's horn hangs like a silver moon. In its beam are such old-line stalwarts as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the undergraduate age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, the mob scene should include Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Teddy Wilson, bright memento of a free-and-easy yesteryear, and the steady-going, precise Eddie Heywood three-some check out on Saturday, Jan. 4. Sunday, as always, will be devoted to the work of guest practitioners. On Monday, Jan. 6, a new assortment, including the Jonah Jones quartet (no stranger here) will take on the task of outtalking the ringside customers. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are sometimes conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. The present principals are the Mark V quintet (headed by Reese Markewich) and the Randy Weston quartet. They wind up on Sunday, Jan. 5, with a session that begins at five in the afternoon. Next evening, Melba Liston, until now Dizzy Gillespie's stalwart trombonist, brings in her distaff quintet (called Les Girls, inevitably). The place is closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Hero sandwiches, beer, and music by the quintet of the protean Charlie Mingus, which suggests that there is no past, very little present, and a wide-open future. The place is no bigger than a robin's nest and quite cheerful. Monday is his night off.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Paintings of spiderlike delicacy in pattern by a leading Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his always delightful shadow-box constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Paintings by a young British modern. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Recent semiabstract oil.; through Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LEONID—Paintings dealing with the Orient; through Jan. 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE MACRI—Bronze and wood sculptures; through Jan. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PAUL MOMMER—Paintings, sombre in mood but solidly designed, dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

FRED NAGLER—Paintings on religious subjects; through Jan. 25. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—The moon is the theme of her latest abstract sculptures; through Jan. 23. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE—Water colors by the early German Expressionist; through Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

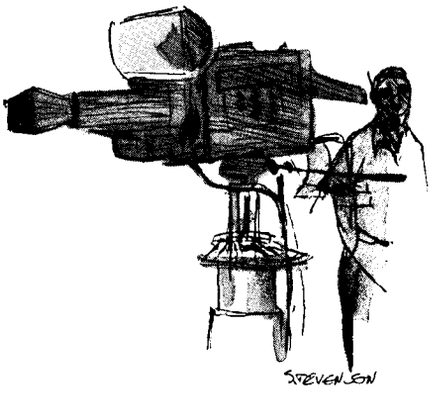
LARRY RIVERS—Landscapes and figures, in addition to two sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Recent sculptures, principally in stone; through Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Sculptures in iron and steel, many of them figures of birds; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

STEPHEN TENNANT—Water colors and drawings, including many studies of theatre interiors, by one of the British moderns; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

STAVROS NIARCHOS COLLECTION—Sixty-three paintings (El Grecos, van Goghs, Gauguins, and the like), a large number of which were purchased from the former Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection. For the joint benefit of the Queen of the Hellenes' Fund and the Hospitalized Veterans Service. Through Friday, Jan. 10. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)



HALLMARK ART AWARD—Fifty paintings commissioned by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fourth international competition. Edward Hopper is the first-prize winner. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pieces, dated 1880-1957, by Picasso, Jacques Lipchitz, David Smith, and others; through Jan. 18. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Barbara Lekberg, William Muir, Milton Hebald, and others; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

PERSIAN AND INDIAN PAINTINGS—Fifteenth- to eighteenth-century miniatures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: An invitation show of paintings and sculptures by living artists (Esteban Vicente, Richard Lippold, and Robert Goodnough, to name a few), selected by private collectors; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.). . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six regular gallery artists, including Stuart Davis and Georgia O'Keeffe, plus a single sculpture by William Zorach; through Jan. 25. . . . **GREENWICH,** 71 Washington Pl.: Drawings and water colors by, among others, Milton Avery, Nicolai Cikovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30 and 8 to 10.). . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: "Review 1957," a display of paintings and sculptures by Calvert Coggeshall, Enrico Donati, Marie Taylor, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Balla, Giacometti, Ernst, and others; through Jan. 25. . . . **NIVEAU,** 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Maillol, Moore, and Arp are represented in an exhibition of sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Bombois, Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists; through Feb. 8. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by fifteen twentieth-century artists, among them Léger, Gleizes, and Severini; through Jan. 18. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Campigli, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 25.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ARGENT,** 236 E. 60th St.: National Association of Women Artists; starting Monday, Jan. 6. . . . **ARTISTS',** 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Yuli Blumberg; starting Saturday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.). . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Ilya Bolotowsky; starting Monday, Jan. 6. . . . **DE NAGY,** 24 E. 67th St.: Helen Frankenthaler; starting Monday, Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.). . . **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Kurt Roesch; starting Monday, Jan. 6. . . . **KOOTZ,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Hans Hofmann; starting Tuesday, Jan. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.). . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Boris Margo; starting Monday, Jan. 6. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Charles Csuri; starting Monday, Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that have been given to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions, including American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures by George Grosz, Giorgio de Chirico, Reg Butler, and others; through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday. It consists of five oils, water-color designs for the ballet "Aleko," and three series of etchings—for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gogol's "Dead Souls." Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶A display of photomurals, casts of architectural details, and stereo color slides illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926); through Feb. 23. . . . ¶"Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—A special exhibition of the fifteenth-century triptych called the Merode altarpiece, recently acquired by the Museum. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Jan. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States, a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller, and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sunday. Jan. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶Friday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Aida," with Zinka Milanov, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Faust," with Hilde Gueden, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶Monday, Jan. 6, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Daniele Barioni, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Mildred Miller, Laurel Hurley, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London. . . . ¶Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, Flaviano Labò, and Robert Merrill.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 (both with Mr. Bernstein also acting as piano soloist); Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:45 (with Philippe Entremont, piano); Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3 (with Mr. Bernstein again acting as piano soloist); and Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 10, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:45 (all with Mischa Elman, violin).

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Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a concert version of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in English, with Eileen Farrell and Mattiwilda Dobbs, sopranos; Jon Crain, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lotte Landau, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Rossini's Petite Messe Solennelle, by Adele Addison, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and members of the Juilliard Opera Theatre. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing, with Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 3, and Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, the last two in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:40, a varied program, with Walter Trampler, viola; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:40, a varied program, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Benar Heifetz, cello.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Chamber Music Circle—With Sigurd Rascher, saxophone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 5:30.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Aaron Rosand—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

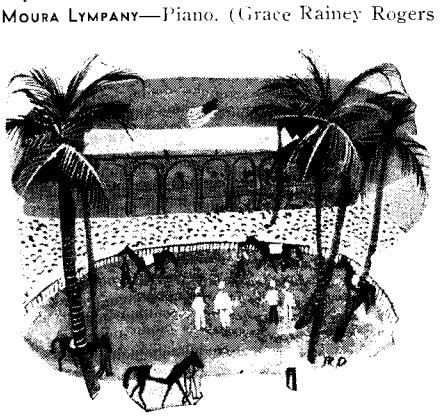
Alfonso Montecino—Piano, in the first in a series of four programs presenting the forty-eight preludes and fugues that make up J. S. Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The fourth concert in the series, this one by the Trio Concertante. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

Moura Lympany—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)



Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Note—Sylvia Marlowe will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 7, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Renato Carosone and his sextet, from Italy, plus Lina Benelli, soprano; Lothar Perl, piano; the dance team of Alfred and Lenore; and Nick Aversano and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Vienna on Parade—From Vienna, the Deutschmeister Band, the Singing Boys and Girls of the Vienna Woods, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 3: Paolo Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶Friday, Jan. 10: Yvon Durelle vs. Tony Anthony, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7: Cincinnati vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Skating—Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Daily at 5:30 starting Wednesday, Jan. 8. No tickets necessary.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with the Bil and Cora Baird puppets; Sono Osato, dancer; Ethel Barrymore Colt, narrator; a chorus; and vocal soloists. A second performance of a concert given on Dec. 14. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **Actors Playhouse**: "Does Poppy Live Here?," a musical play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 1 and 3.). . . **Theatre for Young People**: "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma," a musical play. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 11.). . . **Traveling Playhouse**: "The Enchanted Treasure." (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 11.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and pushbutton displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. . . . ¶Paintings by children of Southeast Asia, from the collection of the New Delhi magazine *Shankar's Weekly*; starting Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The

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Christmas Star," deals with man's search for an astronomical explanation of the star of Bethlehem and depicts traditional Yuletide scenes. Starting Friday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "From Dusk to Dawn," which will present an imaginary night under winter skies, together with a review of the important celestial events of 1957 and a forecast of things to come in 1958. (Mondays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Mondays and Thursday, Jan. 2, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Miscellany—"Three Little Pigs," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.) . . . ¶ Tom Two-Arrows, an Iroquois Indian, with dancers, in a program featuring tribal songs and dances. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Jan. 28, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At **kaufmann concert hall, y.m.h.a.:** Archibald MacLeish reading his new verse play "J. B." (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8:40.) . . . **seven arts center:** A group of actors, including Claire Luce and Nancy Malone, in a program called "Portraits in Poetry." (120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4050. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, from 10 to 10.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from all over the world, many of them displayed in room settings and vignettes. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (60th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Wednesday through Monday, Jan. 8-13, from 1 to 11.)

Central European Manuscripts—Sixty-four religious and secular manuscripts, dating from the eighth to the seventeenth century and including works by miniaturists, scribes, goldsmiths, and artisans of Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Hungary; through April 12. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Illustrated Natural-History Books—About a hundred illuminated natural-history books or plates, including a thirteenth-century English bestiary and four original drawings by John James Audubon; through Feb. 2. (Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 9 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 1:45: English and other furniture, porcelains, silver, and Oriental rugs; from several collections, among them that of the late Cornelius F. Kelley. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 4.

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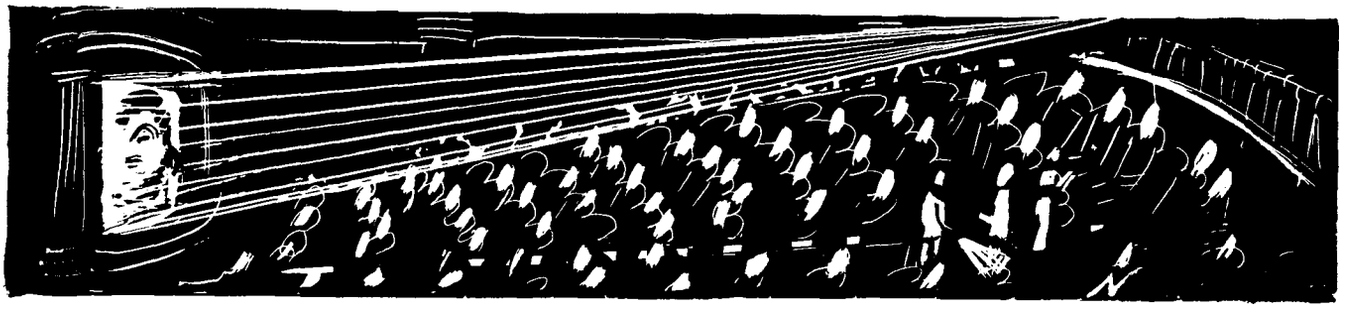
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a bit too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction by David Lean is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GERVAISE—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE GREEN MAN—An English picture that gives Alastair Sim an opportunity to make the most of his enormous comic powers in the role of a man who discovers early in life that he should dedicate himself to homicide. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 4.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Gambols at the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, cast as an aging roué, having the tables turned on him by Audrey Hepburn, cast as the respectable, cello-playing daughter of a Parisian private eye (Maurice Chevalier). (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Jan. 8.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—The Broadway musical has been translated into a fast, merry, engaging film. Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Doris Day, and John Raitt race and frolic through the Sleeptite Pajama Factory in search of an elusive seven-and-a-half-cent raise. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay; Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen directed and produced the film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Jan. 5-7, tentative.)

PATHS OF GLORY—In this adaptation of the novel Humphrey Cobb wrote in 1935, the ugly futility of war is reflected in the tragic efforts of a French regiment in the First World War to capture a heavily fortified hill just to satisfy the lunatic whim of a couple of generals. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready do a good job in representing, respectively, a colonel, a corps commander, and a division commander. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

SAYONARA—Maybe Puccini covered this American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme a bit better in his opera, but this film is entertaining enough. The current Madame Butterfly is played by Miiko Taka, and the Occidental she has a crush on by Marlon Brando, who has cultivated a hominy accent that is impenetrable every now and then. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a brace of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

TIME LIMIT—Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart are first-rate in this account of the investigation of a major who collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. The picture was directed by Karl Malden, who doesn't let his camera dawdle. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Jan. 8.)

REVIVALS

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 3-4. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 8.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 6-7.)

I'LL CRY TOMORROW (1956)—Susan Hayward in a run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress and the perils of drink. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 2.)

MILDRED PIERCE (1945)—Joan Crawford all mixed up in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 6-7.)

NEW FACES (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 3-4.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 3.)

VIVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 5-6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Jan. 4: "The Berliner" (1948). . . . ¶ Jan. 5-8: "Herrliche Zeiten" (1950); no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Legend of the Lost," John Wayne, Sophia Loren, Rossano Brazzi.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Enemy Below," Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SAYONARA.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle, Peter Finch.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 5: "It's Great to Be Young," John Mills, Cecil Parker.
From Jan. 6: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
PATHS OF GLORY.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

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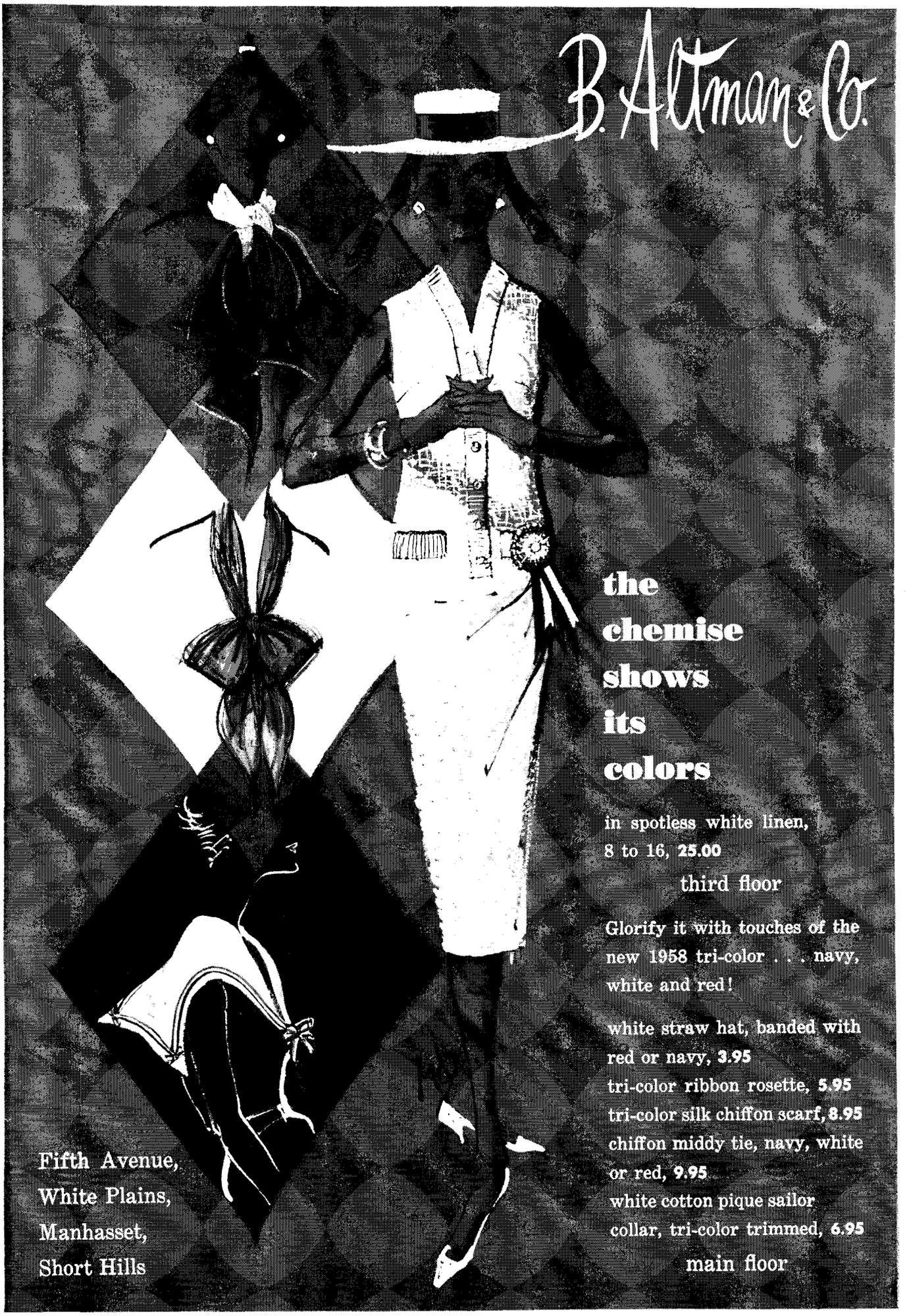
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

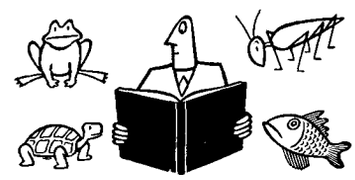
Notes and Comment

AS we lounged around in Washington Square on a mild, bright morning last week, our melancholy and rather fruitless thoughts on what's going to happen down there when the house wreckers and road builders move in were diverted by the sight of a female dachshund making her way about in an unusual fashion. What was unusual was that her hind legs were folded back and that attached to them were small pink plastic roller skates, two wheels to a leg, while her forelegs—representing the motive power, or thrust—were free to pull the entire dachshund anywhere she chose to go. She was the fastest thing around. Peering at her more closely when she paused for an instant, we were able to observe that the skates were fastened together, so she couldn't use the hind legs independently, and also that the skates were secured to her back by a cluster of straps, ingeniously arranged. Thinking hard by now about the present, instead of the past or the future, we followed her at a breakneck pace until she brought us, at last, to her master—a tall man wearing a

black bowler and a red beard. We looked at him inquiringly, and as he got ready to put her back on her leash, he said, "She slipped a disc coming down a flight of stairs, and the vet wants her to wear this for three months." In this country, in this city, anything can be fixed if the right minds are put to work on it—maybe even Washington Square.

Birds and Beasts

YOU don't have to join the Grolier Club, or even be on speaking terms with any of its members, in order to see its exhibitions, but if you don't like to look at pictures of unicorns, winged monsters, horses, eagles, dolphins, crustaceans, rhinoceroses, bison, snakes, moths, butterflies, cocoons, pupae, caterpillars, scarabs, frogs, parrots, shells, scorpions, turtles, rabbits, squirrels, flies, spiders, grasshoppers, leopards, wasps, hornets, or owls, you'd better stay away from the current one—a collection of over a hundred illustrated natural-history books or plates therefrom, selected by Dr. Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt, a bibliographical expert, who has written or co-written "The Life of the Book," "The Book in America," and half a dozen other books about books. We visited his bibliozoo the other morning, starting out methodically with a thirteenth-century English bestiary and working our way around the room to a colored photograph of "Frolicking Prairie Dogs," from Walt Disney's 1955 "The Vanishing Prairie." In between, we took some long, interested looks at Breydenbach's 1486 Mainz "Peregrenatio in Terram Sanctam," which was open to a page that showed a unicorn, a salamander with a man's head, a bearded lady with a long tail, and a caption, in Latin, declaring, "These animals are accurately depicted just as we saw them in the Holy Land;" N. Marschalk's 1520 Rostock "Historia Aquatilium," which revealed Conger (an eel), Capito (a fish), Cancer (a lobster), Delphin (a mermaid), and Canis (a merdog); Adam Lonicerus's 1551 "Naturalis Historia," an early Frankfurt pictorial dictionary containing Elephas, Ursus, Vulpes, and a pre-Central Park Sciurus; Thomas Moffett's 1634 London "Insectorum sive Minimorum Animalium Theatrum," the first book with scientifically correct pictures of insects; the eighteenth-century "Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands," by Mark Catesby, a travelling Englishman, who found the whippoorwill "not so large as the bird called here [i.e., in the mother country] the East India;" August Johann Roesel von Rosenhof's 1758 Nuremberg "Historia Naturalis Ranarum," all about frogs; Johann David Schoepf's 1792 Erlangen "Naturgeschichte der Schildkröten," all about turtles; and more re-



cent pictures of "Commercial Fishes of the U.S.S.R.," and of our own, our native Promethea moth, as depicted in "The Tale of the Promethea Moth," by Henry B. Kane, published in 1942 by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, a member of the Grolier's Auditing and Publications Committees.

What a nice, roomy habitat for a long title an elephant folio is, we thought as we pulled up a chair before one and pulled out a pad. Well, it's a small world. Scarcely had we jotted down its title—"Histoire Générale Des Insectes de Surinam et de Toute l'Europe, contenant leurs Descriptions, leurs Figures, leurs différentes Métamorphoses, De même que les Descriptions des Plantes, Fleurs & Fruits, dont ils se nourissent, et sur lesquels on les trouve le plus communément; avec quelques détails sur les Crapauds, Lézards, Serpens, Araignées, & autres petits Animaux de Surinam, peints sur les lieux d'après nature & gravés avec soin, Par Mademoiselle Marie Sybille de Merian, en deux parties in-folio, Troisième Edition, revue, corrigée, & considérablement augmentée par M. Buch'oz, Médecin Botaniste de feue Sa Majesté le Roi de Pologne, Membre de plusieurs Académies, A laquelle on a joint une troisième Partie qui traite des plus belles Fleurs, telles que des Plantes bulbeuses, liliacées, caryophillées, &c., avec leur Description exacte, leur culture, et leurs propriétés. Ouvrage Intéressant Pour Les Amateurs de L'Histoire Naturelle, et unique en son genre. Tome Premier. Des Plantes de Surinam"—when

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"The fellow I was trying to pass also had that extra burst of power."

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whom should we find standing behind us but Dr. Lehmann-Haupt!

We explained what we'd been up to, and, pointing to an ornamental device of fruit on the title page, he said, "And room left over for the colophon!" He went on to tell us that Mlle. de Merian, a painter, came of a family of Frankfurt painters and engravers, married a Mr. Graf but left him rather suddenly and resumed her maiden name, and got interested in Surinam insects in the sixteen-nineties, when, in Friesland, she came across a cabinet of them. "She resolved to paint them on the plants they frequented, and in 1699 set sail for the New World, where she stayed two years, with her two daughters," he said. "She was a vigorous and original artist. Her work, first published in 1705, set a standard for two hundred years; this revised edition was printed in Paris in 1771. I got the idea for this show a year ago, and suggested it to Mr. Edward Naumburg, Jr., chairman of our Committee on Arrangements. We had to start from scratch. Natural-history books—other than botanical, which we haven't tried to cover—have never been shown as a group. Our aim was to pick examples in which the curiosity of the scientist was supplemented by the skill of an artist of great validity. I worked in the Gutenberg Museum, in Mainz, as a young man—I was born in Berlin, where my father was a well-known archeologist—and I've been enormously helped by an old colleague of mine there, Dr. Claus Nissen. He is an authority on natural-history bibliography and is now librarian at the Stadtbibliothek in Mainz. I think you can see in this show how even in the thirteenth century the artist also looked at nature, how with the beginning of the Renaissance the illustration of nature becomes more natural, and how, with copper engraving, recording becomes more faithful."

"You especially interested in natural history?" we asked.

"I collected beetles and butterflies when I was six," Dr. Lehmann-Haupt said. "One Sunday afternoon, I was chasing a very fast beetle in a sandy pine forest just outside Berlin. He got away in the pine needles. 'Look around! There he is!' my mother said. 'The beetle?' I asked. 'No. William the Second!' she said, but he had driven by, and I missed him, too."

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MADISON AVENUE INTELLIGENCE: The deliveryman employed by the Hitchcock Pharmacy, at the corner of Forty-sixth Street, carries sandwiches and containers of coffee to the office workers of the neighborhood in a handsome leather briefcase.

Cantzen's Shoes

ON June 28, 1945, at the age of seventy-eight, Conrad Cantzen, an old character actor, and a Broadway character as well, died in St. Luke's Hospital, at Amsterdam Avenue and 113th Street, leaving in the hospital's safe an estate of eleven dollars and eighty-five cents, in addition to eight cents in his rooming-house room in Jersey City. During his working years—the twenties and earlier—he played with the Charles Coburn Players, among other companies, and was known as a struggling, impoverished actor who regularly ate twenty-five-cent meals and, when he was touring, slept on benches in railroad stations rather than in hotels. In later years, he became familiar on Broadway as a representative of the gentleman-pauper type—an old player who panhandled for meals, discreetly snatched food from garbage cans, wore fingerless gloves and a filched boutonnière, and slept in his clothes, on newspapers spread on the floor of his boarding-house room. His last appearance in a Broadway theatre was in 1937, as Mr. Vik in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," with Walter Hampden. Then he died, and the Actors' Fund, a charitable organization devoted to the theatrical poor, thereupon paid his bills, buried him in its plot in Kensico Cemetery, and entered eleven dollars and ninety-three cents to his eternal credit in its ledgers. A few days after the interment, however, when his room was cleared out, a will was discovered, beginning, "I leave the Conrad Cantzen Shoe Fund for the people who can't buy shoes, even if they are not paid-up members of Equity. Many times I have been on my uppers, and the thinner the soles of my shoes were, the less courage I had to face the managers in looking for a job." Along with the will went the ridiculous sum of $226,608.34. A hundred thousand dollars of this was in savings banks, the balance in govern-

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ment and gilt-edged bonds. Reeling a little, the Actors' Fund accepted the terms of the bequest, entered the sum in its ledgers, and, after the customary litigation with distant relatives, set up the Conrad Cantzen Shoe Fund. Since 1948, more than seven thousand requisitions for shoes have been issued to unemployed actors and actresses, of all ages and all sizes, gentlemen receiving their free shoes at the Thom McAn shop on West Forty-second Street, ladies at the A. S. Beck shop on Seventh Avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth.

Bearing all this in mind, we had our uppers shined and went over to the Equity Building, on West Forty-seventh Street, the other day to do the free-shoe bit with a young character actor we know, whom we'll call W. J. Edwards. He eats ninety-five-cent meals, and *his* last appearance on Broadway was in 1956, in a play that had a long run, during which, at various times, he filled seven roles, those of district attorney, defendant, book salesman, photographer, reporter, storekeeper, and radio announcer—a demonstration of versatility and endurance that, though carried out in non-Cantzen shoes, probably would have pleased Mr. Cantzen very much.

We found Mr. Edwards nervously pacing the Equity lobby in a pair of worn London Characters—his last, the penultimate Characters having been dismissed the day before by his cobbler with an airy wave of the hand. "Just like that," Edwards said. "It left me sick at heart. 'What'll I do?' I said to myself. 'Why, I'll do the free-shoe bit,' I said. And so I'm doing it. My last play closed in Saratoga on September 1st, after the summer-stock business. I've been doing forty blocks a day since then. Broadway blocks! Too young for the laundryman in 'Cloud Seven'!"

We took the elevator up to the seventh floor, where the free-shoe bit began. Here Mr. Edwards greeted half a dozen acquaintances, some of whom were doing it and some of whom were not, and presented himself then to the secretary in charge of the Equity end of the shoe biz—Miss Beatrice Hendricks, a former actress, who, for her part, presented him with (1) a sweet smile, (2) a murmur of sympathy, and (3) a letter to be conveyed to the Actors' Fund office, in the Brill Building, two blocks distant, at Forty-ninth and Broadway. The letter read:

ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION
226 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
NOVEMBER 13, 1957

Actors' Fund of America,
1619 Broadway,
New York, New York.

GENTLEMEN: W. J. EDWARDS

The member whose name appears above, as far as we know, is not working anywhere at the present time.

It has been explained that the gift of shoes, when available, from the FUND is in accordance with the purposes of your organization and is therefore restricted to members who do not have funds available to purchase them.

Sincerely yours,
ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION
BEATRICE HENDRICKS

On the eighth floor of the Brill Building, Edwards again greeted half a dozen acquaintances, some of whom were doing the bit and some of whom were not, and presented himself there to the secretary in charge of the Actors' Fund end of the affair—Miss Matilda Dixon, who, for her part, presented him with (1) a lovely smile and (2) a letter. The Actors' Fund letter read:

THE ACTORS' FUND OF AMERICA

Thom McAn Shoe Store,
129 West 42nd Street,
New York City, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS:

As per arrangement with your shoe company, we herewith refer W. J. EDWARDS, who is desirous of securing a new pair of shoes at this time.

Therefore, kindly supply the bearer with a pair, and charge same to the Conrad Cantzen Shoe Fund, % Actors' Fund of America, 1619 Broadway, New York City, and oblige

Yours very truly,
WARREN P. MUNSELL
Secretary and General Manager

"They figured and figured and figured, the Broadways," Edwards said on Broadway, as we made our way to Forty-second Street. "You know how they figure, the Broadways. They sit around everywhere. Drink coffee. Turns out that Cantzen had to save four thousand five hundred and twenty dollars a year to do it. Average salary forty dollars a week, fifty-two weeks a year, fifty years, this is around two thousand dollars a year—not even half. Cantzen

"Where do I go to throw in the sponge?"

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once appeared in a musical written by a man named Cloyd Head. Did you know that?"

We did not, and said so.

"'Arabesque,' by Cloyd Head," Edwards said. "Cantzen's real name was Grappendorf."

"Indeed," we said.

"He found the money in a brown paper bag. That's my opinion, old pal."

The windows of the Thom McAn's on Forty-second Street were ablaze with 226,608 pairs of shoes when we arrived. Edwards' eyes began to shine as he paced up and down nervously in his Characters, muttering to himself, "Cordovan? Cordovan? No. Loafers? No, no, no. Australian bush boots? No, no." He finally settled on a pair of tan Italian-style shoes, and we went inside.

Tom Faga, manager of the Thom McAn West Forty-second Street branch, and former manager of the Fulton Street branch, in Brooklyn, had everything at his fingertips, including, in a twinkling, the shoes Edwards wanted. "Venezias," he said. "Made on American lasts in sunny Italy. First in popularity. Then cordovans, Puritan veals, plains, wings, and Wellingtons. No deals with actors. No deals for cash, no deals for cheaper shoes and the balance in socks. I've been working for Thom McAn for fourteen years. We sell six hundred pairs of shoes a week. Wear 'em or take 'em?"

"Wear 'em," said Edwards.

Wearing them, he headed north, dragging us along on the end of a string of words.

The Farm

A LOCAL girl we know married a boy from Ohio early last year and went out there to help him do some serious genteel farming, promising, before she left, that the two of them would be back to spend their first Christmas together under her parents' roof. Last week, however, her mother received an excuse in the form of a telegram from which there obviously was no appeal. "Impossible to come, darling," it read. "Can't find anybody in the entire state to stay with the cows."

Longevity Recipe

ARE kind, permissive, lurk-around-the-house parents, so much de rigueur nowadays, all they're cracked up to be, psychologically and pedologically speaking? Does an absentee or punitive father spell future failure for his little ones? Do people learn by suffering or do they go to pieces? Such questions have furrowed our brow during several decades of buttonholing famous men, many of whom, it turned out, had been either quickly orphaned or paternally abandoned or parentally cuffed. This ponderous line of thought possessed us anew the other morning when we sat down at a table in the West Fifty-first Street Schrafft's for a prearranged chat with Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin, director of the Harvard Research Center in Creative Altruism and author of thirty books, among them "Time-Budgets of Human Behavior," "The American Sex Revolution," and "Social and Cultural Dynamics." A merry scholar of sixty-eight if we ever saw one, his face set in quizzically humorous lines, his work translated into fifteen tongues; happily married, by his own account, for forty years to a prominent biologist, and the father of two promising sons, one a physicist and Thinker with I.B.M. and the other a student at Harvard Medical School; a vigorous fisherman, mountain climber, camper-out, and tiller of a big do-it-yourself garden of azaleas, rhododendrons, lilacs, and roses in Winchester, Massachusetts, Professor Sorokin is also the possessor of an upper lip that seems somewhat smashed in. We would never have mentioned this if the Professor had not brought it up himself. "Father did it with a hammer when I was nine," he said. "He was a good man, but he used to hit the bottle, and then he'd hit my brother and me. Our mother died when I was four. I was born in Touria, a village in Vologda Region, near Archangel. It was a barren, rural, extremely cold section. I am from the very bottom of Russian society. Mother was the daughter of poor peasants, and Father was an itinerant artisan who did painting, silvering, and gilding, in churches and peasants' houses. After Mother's death, my older brother and I—a younger brother was adopted by an aunt—moved with Father from village to village, helping him with his work. We separated from him after the hammer incident, and he died a year later. We continued our nomadic life, gilding icons, and so forth, until in one hamlet, Gam, I came across a newly founded school. I took an examination, was given a scholarship, graduated after three years, and won another three-year scholarship, at the Teachers College in Kostroma Region."

Professor Sorokin paused to polish off some ham and eggs. "In 1906, when I was seventeen," he said, "I was arrested there by the Czarist police and imprisoned for four months for giving revolutionary talks at factories. I was later arrested twice more by the Czarist police and three times by the Bolsheviks. Being arrested under the Czar was rather cozy. Czarist prisons were first-class hotels. The wardens were our office boys. 'Telephone your friends from my office,' they would say. 'Help yourself to the books there.' Bolshevik arrests were very different. Every day was a day of jeopardy. After Teachers College, I went to night school in St. Petersburg, and then spent several years studying, and subsequently teaching, at the Psycho-Neurological Institute and the University of St. Petersburg. I gave courses in criminology and penology. In 1917, I was one of the four founders of the All-Russian Peasant Soviet and a member of its executive committee, and I became secretary to Kerensky, then Prime Minister. I was also editor-in-chief of *Volia Naroda*, the Petrograd newspaper that was the main voice of the Kerensky government. My first Bolshevik arrest, for opposing such Communist leaders as Lenin, Trotsky, and Kamenev, was in January, 1918. My second, in the fall of that year, was for helping engineer the overthrow of the Communist government in Archangel. I was condemned to death, was released after six weeks through the intercession of a former student of mine, and returned to the university, where I founded its Department of Sociology. I wrote five books on sociology and on law, and underwent my final arrest. I was then comfortably banished, and went to Czechoslovakia on the invitation of my good friend President Masaryk, and in 1923 I came here to lecture at the Universities of Wisconsin and Illinois. I joined the University of Minnesota faculty in 1924, and in 1930 I went to Harvard, where I organized, and became chairman of, the Department of Sociology. In 1948, I founded the Research Center in Creative Altruism there, with the financial support of Eli Lilly, an altruistic Indianapolis pharmaceutist. So far, Mr. Lilly and a fund called the Lilly Endowment have given us a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars between them to conduct studies on how to make human beings less selfish and more creative. I haven't been arrested since 1922, but I have received a few parking tickets. I rather miss being arrested."

This nostalgic multiple jailbird passed us the sugar, and we pressed him for a further word on creative altruism. "In brief, as a result of my studies, beginning

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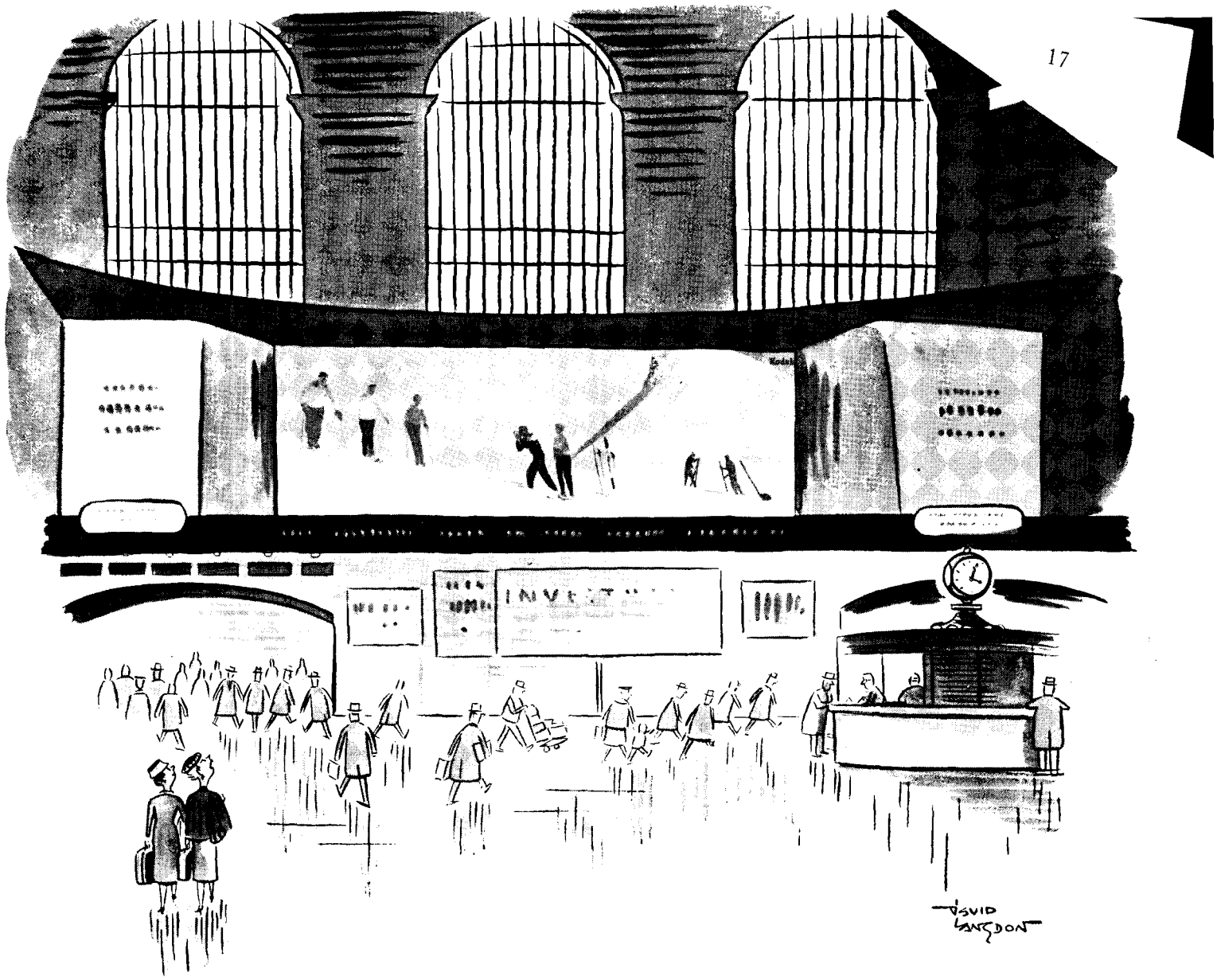

"Mercy! If I'd taken that, I'd have cut their heads off."

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in the nineteen-forties," he said, "I came to the conclusion that if individual human beings, groups, and cultural institutions in general did not become notably more creatively altruistic, nothing could save mankind. Popular prescriptions, such as political changes, religious changes, and education as a panacea against war, won't do it. This century, in which science and education have reached unrivalled heights, is the bloodiest of all the twenty-five centuries of Greco-Roman and European history. Have you read my 'Altruistic Love'? It deals with some of the ascertainable characteristics of five hundred living American altruists and forty-six hundred Christian saints. The extraordinary longevity and vigorous health of the saints is remarkable! Or my 'The Ways and Powers of Love'? It uncovers a sufficient body of evidence to show that unselfish, creative love can stop aggressive inter-individual and inter-group attacks, tangibly influence international policy, and pacify international conflicts, and that altruistic persons live longer than egoistic individuals. Or my 'Man and Society in Calamity'? In this, I confirm the law of polarization, which runs contrary to the Freudian claim that calamity and frustration uniformly generate aggression, and contrary to the old claim, reiterated recently by Toynbee, that they lead uniformly to the moral and spiritual ennoblement of human beings. What the law of polarization holds is that, depending upon the type of personality, frustrations and misfortunes may be reacted to and overcome by positive polarization, resulting either in an increased creative effort (consider the deafness of Beethoven, the blindness of Milton) or in altruistic transformation (consider St. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola), or they may induce negative polarization, in the shape of suicide, mental disorder, brutalization, increase of selfishness, dumb submissiveness, or cynical sensualism. This works both individually and collectively."

We unfurrowed our brow and left, resolved to love one and all, and to live to be a hundred and three.

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NOTE left on the hall table for a resident of Alexandria, Virginia, who had gone to a dinner party across the river:

DEAR MOTHER:
I would like you to explain about the universe when you have more time to.
Love,
SANDRA

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COMING OUT

JINNY WELCH and I were eighteen the winter we both came out in Boston. We had been separated for several years by boarding schools, summer camps, and trips abroad, but now the two of us, best friends throughout a country childhood across the street from each other, met again daily with all the old affinity. We must have been a pair of remarkably silly girls; we were drunk with the wine of youth and we could not stop laughing.

"I went to the most hysterical tea at the Victoria today," Jinny would perhaps tell me as we dressed together for a dinner dance. The words popped from her lips as though they were too preposterous to contain. "There were thirty Boston girls with tried and true ankles, and the hostess was wearing health shoes and a hat trimmed with canned tomatoes."

My eyes met hers in a kind of ecstasy. When we could speak again for laughing, I asked, "Do you suppose Greetings will be at the dance?"

Greetings was the name that Jinny had bestowed upon a moonfaced, pudgy Harvard boy who, when cutting in, would clasp one's hand in his soft, wet one and gravely remark "Greetings." We had long ago, and with rapture, forgotten what his real name was. If at a party I saw Jinny, or she me, revolving in the arms of Greetings, we would exchange one wild glance and go off into gales. "Beg pardon?" Greetings would inquire.

Part of our silliness was due to the overwhelming new sense of freedom that attended coming out. After years of the compulsions of school, suddenly I could get up late, take nothing but orange juice and coffee for breakfast, spend time before the glass experimenting with lipstick and eyeshadow, and wander over to meet Jinny at the Welches' garage and drive to town for a shopping trip or a débutante luncheon. A small Plymouth sedan had been set aside for Jinny's exclusive use; the very word Plymouth had assumed for us an extravagant, reckless sound.

The world of our country childhood was left behind, populated now only by May, Jinny's younger sister—a mere sixteen-year-old, who went to the Country Day School—and by my painter parents, whose idea of hell was to have to go to some major débutante ball. The Welch boys were both in Harvard, and we saw them at the dances. Their father, Mr. Thompson Welch, continued to conduct his mysterious, cosmopolitan, lawyer's, widower's life from the apartment in Boston whence he had for years dispensed a peculiarly severe and repressive discipline to the house in the country, a governess being deputed to carry out his commands and to chaperon the girls.

Jinny and I now belonged to the great world, or what passed for the great world to our bedazzled eyes. Perhaps we would dive into the Boston subway and let whim decide what train we took. "Lechmere!" Jinny exclaimed on one such occasion. "Let's go to hysterical old Lechmere, where the lechers come from." Gasping, we leaped aboard just as the doors slid shut. As is the case with most Boston subway trains, it shortly came out into the light of day. Jinny's nose was pressed to the pane of her window; her enormous dark eyes took in everything we passed. "Six Little Tailors!" she cried. "See the sign?"

Our eyes met. "Let's get off," I said.

We ran down the elevated's steps into the narrow downtown Boston street, and then up four dark flights to a loft. Jinny opened the door upon a workroom full of people. "We wanted to see the Six Little Tailors tailoring," she said in a strangled voice. "Vat vas dot?" asked a middle-aged, bald man in a singlet. We could not control ourselves longer. As we ran down the four flights again, we burst into peals of inextinguishable laughter.

We thought it terribly funny to call ourselves the McMuffin sisters, Pansy and Myrtle. We thought it terribly funny, one afternoon when the McMuffins were holding a cocktail party at my father's studio in Boston and we found we must order ice, that we did not know what amount of ice to order.

"We don't actually need very much," Jinny explained earnestly, having got the ice company on the phone. "Well, *how* much, lady?" I heard the man's patient voice say. Jinny threw me a wild glance. "Five pounds?" she suggested over the wire. "Lady," the man's voice said, "if I sent you five pounds it wouldn't get there." After she had settled for twenty-five pounds Jinny hung up and we dissolved into giggles. It made a wonderful story with which, later, to convulse the Harvard seniors who came to the party; the extravagance of Jinny's language in telling it was much admired.

On very late nights, after we had gone to two or possibly even more dances, we slept in town; our parents did not think it suitable that we should drive home to the country, with boys or without them. We could stay at Mr. Welch's apartment, where Jinny, by fixing Waterhouse, Mr. Welch's valet,

"If there's anything I hate, it's a tattletale."

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"Now, for God's sake, ignore them, Grace!"

• • •

with her large, what she called stewed-prune eyes, would persuade him to bring us a cocktail apiece while we were dressing. Or we could stay at my father's studio. On such nights my father slept downstairs on a day bed in the studio itself. Upstairs, opening off the balcony, were a tiny sitting room and an even tinier bedroom, which had been charmingly arranged by my mother as a *pied-à-terre* where I could change my clothes between engagements, dress for the evening, sleep after balls, and entertain a few friends.

Jinny and I would hold post-mortems in the small hours after an evening's triumphs. Jinny, in a knee-length sheath of gold sequins like a shining coat of mail, from which her sleek dark head, like a boy's, rose on its lovely long neck, would light a last cigarette in a long green holder. "The most hysterical man kept cutting in," she would say. "He had a pig on his watch chain, and he looked like a pig, so I said 'I beg your pardon, but by any possible chance could you be a member of the Porcellian Club?' and he said 'How did you know?' "

"Jinny!" I moaned, and we collapsed into our eternal laughter.

When we went to bed, it was in the cot in the little bedroom. I don't think Mr. Welch ever realized that there was, at the studio, only one bed for us to sleep in; and when we insisted vehemently to my father that we *preferred* sharing a bed, he seemed baffled but convinced. The one who slept on the outer side of the cot had to hold herself in bed all night by propping one hand on the floor; it is a measure of our vitality that we found this inexpressibly funny.

We would arise at noon or later, thoroughly refreshed, and bathe, dress, and breakfast. Perhaps we might then drive to the country in the Plymouth to see what was going on out there. May Welch would often have got home from afternoon sports at school by the time we strode into the Welches' house from our sophisticated adventures in the metropolis—both tall, thin as laths, wearing high-heeled shoes and knee-length beige dresses and helmet hats and Chanel pearls, and laughing our heads off.

May always had been and still was plump. She had soft brown hair and Jinny's brown eyes, but without the snap in them. Her obvious worship of us was agreeable, and we would allow her to do her homework in the living room with us while we chattered away in the argot we used, with its high, incredulous tone. Although Miss Perkins, the governess, could not bring herself to countenance alcoholic drinks for young girls, on a couple of occasions when she had a day off and we were spending a quiet evening in the country for a change, we made cocktails and let May take a thrilled sip off the top of one.

We were sitting thus, playing "Do-Do-Do" on the gramophone in the living room of the Welches' historic house—with its big oval braided rug, Early American pine furniture, and ship prints—when the telephone rang in the dark old hall beyond. Jinny went to answer it. In a minute she called to me, "It's Albo Cartright. He wishes to inquire what the McMuffin sisters are planning over the weekend."

I joined Jinny at the telephone and we took turns talking to Albo and his Harvard roommate, punctuating our jargon with bursts of mirth. When we finally hung up, we went on sitting out in the hall, Jinny in the telephone chair and I on the rag rug at her feet. "So then I went into an absolutely searing silence," Jinny recounted, of some contretemps with Albo's roommate. "I could see him thinking how mysterious and uncommunicative I am." I caught her eye and we went into gales.

It was quite a time before either of us noticed that the needle of the Victrola in the living room was stuck in a groove of "Do-Do-Do." "Heart begins to sigh heart begins to sigh heart begins to sigh heart," sang the high, sweet voice over and over and over.

Simultaneously we jumped up and went back into the living room. May Welch was lying on the floor with her eyes closed, breathing heavily. The gin bottle we had made our Martini from, which had been nearly half full, was empty.

My eyes met Jinny's above May's prostrate body. Jinny was not looking sophisticated any more. She was looking about twelve, and terrified.

"We've got to do something quick," she said. "Suppose Father finds out."

After a childhood spent with Mr. Welch looming in the background I could appreciate the validity of her fear. Mr. Welch was not a man who would ask for or supply explanations. He merely dealt out retribution with a cold, relentless legal hand. When Royal Welch flunked fifth-form Latin, he had his allowance suspended for six months, without more ado.

I delved into my memory for novels

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I had read, in search of recipes for treating people who had passed out. "Perhaps we should pour cold water on her face?" I suggested.

"We'll put her in a cold shower," Jinny declared. "That's what they do with drunks. Come on, you take her feet and I'll take her shoulders."

But May weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds, and her satin-smooth skin, moreover, was extremely slippery. In the end, we more dragged than carried her across the living room, down the step into the hall, and into the downstairs bathroom. We tumbled her into the tub, where she lay still, breathing loudly.

We stood back, breathing rather loudly ourselves.

"Do you think we should turn the shower onto her?" I asked doubtfully. It seemed a heartless thing to do to a helpless person. "Maybe we could just run the water into the tub."

"That does sound less of a shock," Jinny agreed.

We set to work to undress May, realizing too late that we should have done it before. After considerable pulling, yanking, and tipping her from side to side, we succeeded, with the exception of May's elastic girdle, which we were unable to pry off her plump hips. Then we turned on the cold water and stood watching as the tub gradually filled.

"I think she's supposed to come to with a jerk," Jinny said hopefully.

But May did not come to at all. Jinny looked helplessly at me and I looked helplessly back, while beside us May lay senseless in the cold water. She was not breathing so loudly now.

"Maybe we'd better let the water out again," I said. "It's rather a cold day."

So we let the water out again. We endeavored to get May out of the tub to dry her, but that was impossible. Her body was cold, and as smooth and slippery as rubber. Suddenly we both realized that the whole matter had got way beyond us. "What's that d-d-doctor's name your family has?" Jinny asked, stammering as she always did when she was nervous. "I d-d-don't want to call our d-d-doctor. He'd tell Father."

So I rang up dear old Dr. Stephenson, who had taken care of me through tonsillitis and bronchitis and chicken pox. I began to explain what had happened to May Welch and where she was now.

"I'll be right along," Dr. Stephenson interrupted.

"We thought a cold bath was the right thing for drunk people," I said defensively.

"That's when they're conscious," he said, and hung up.

In a few minutes he was with us—little, pink, bustling, and white-mustached. He lost no time. "Got to get her right into bed," he explained as he cut May's girdle off with scissors. By means of a sheet slipped under her body, the three of us lifted her out of the tub and onto a straight chair, in which we carried her into the downstairs guest room and put her on the bed.

"Get another blanket—two blankets," Dr. Stephenson directed, sitting on the edge of the bed and listening to May's heart. We wrapped her naked body in the two blankets, and drew the sheet over her, and covered her all up with several quilts. Dr. Stephenson took a hypodermic syringe from his bag and filled it.

He stayed with her an hour more. Then he came out into the hall. "She's sleeping naturally," he said to us. "I think she'll be all right now. She's got a strong heart." He paused and viewed us. "Never, *never* put an unconscious person into cold water."

We shook our heads obediently.

"I'll call back in the morning to see how she is," he said. "Keep her warm in bed. Telephone me if anything seems wrong."

Jinny coughed.

"Listen, Dr. Stephenson," she said rapidly. "I know I'm horrible, but do you mind— I mean, Father would simply die if he knew about this. Couldn't you make up something else to be what happened to May, so he won't have to know about the gin? I mean, I'm responsible, and I'll probably be sent to Mesopotamia or the Ruhr or somewhere if he finds out."

The Doctor took a long time looking her up and down. "All right," he said at last. "We'll call it food poisoning."

He glanced from one of us to the other, twitched his mustache from side to side, and departed. I think he had satisfied himself that we had learned a good lesson and were thoroughly scared.

He was right. We were. It was a full minute before Jinny turned her enormous eyes upon me. Gradually they began to sparkle. "How absolutely luridly fantastic," she began.

WHAT had happened was our secret. But Jinny had never been any good at keeping secrets, even when it was to her advantage to do so. Around two o'clock in the morning, about a week later, I walked into one of the small sitting-out rooms at the Copley Plaza on the arm of a beau, in the course of a large ball given by some Myopia people for their rawboned daughter. There was Jinny, in the center of one of those circles she always attracted, wearing an orange velvet dress and agitating a large orange ostrich-feather fan. From across the room I could see her eyes dancing and hear her excited little laugh. As I approached, I heard her say in those swift, incredulous accents, ". . . so we had to

IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS

In the Public Gardens,
To the airs of Strauss,
Eingang we're in love again
When ausgang we were aus.
The waltz was played, the songs were sung,
The night resolved our fears;
From bunchy boughs the lime trees hung
Their gold electroliers.
Among the loud Americans
Zwei Engländer were we,
You so white and frail and pale
And me so deeply me;
I bought for you a dark-red rose,
I saw your gray-green eyes,
As high above the floodlights,
The true moon sailed the skies.
In the Public Gardens,
Ended things begin;
Ausgang we were out of love
Und eingang we are in.

—JOHN BETJEMAN

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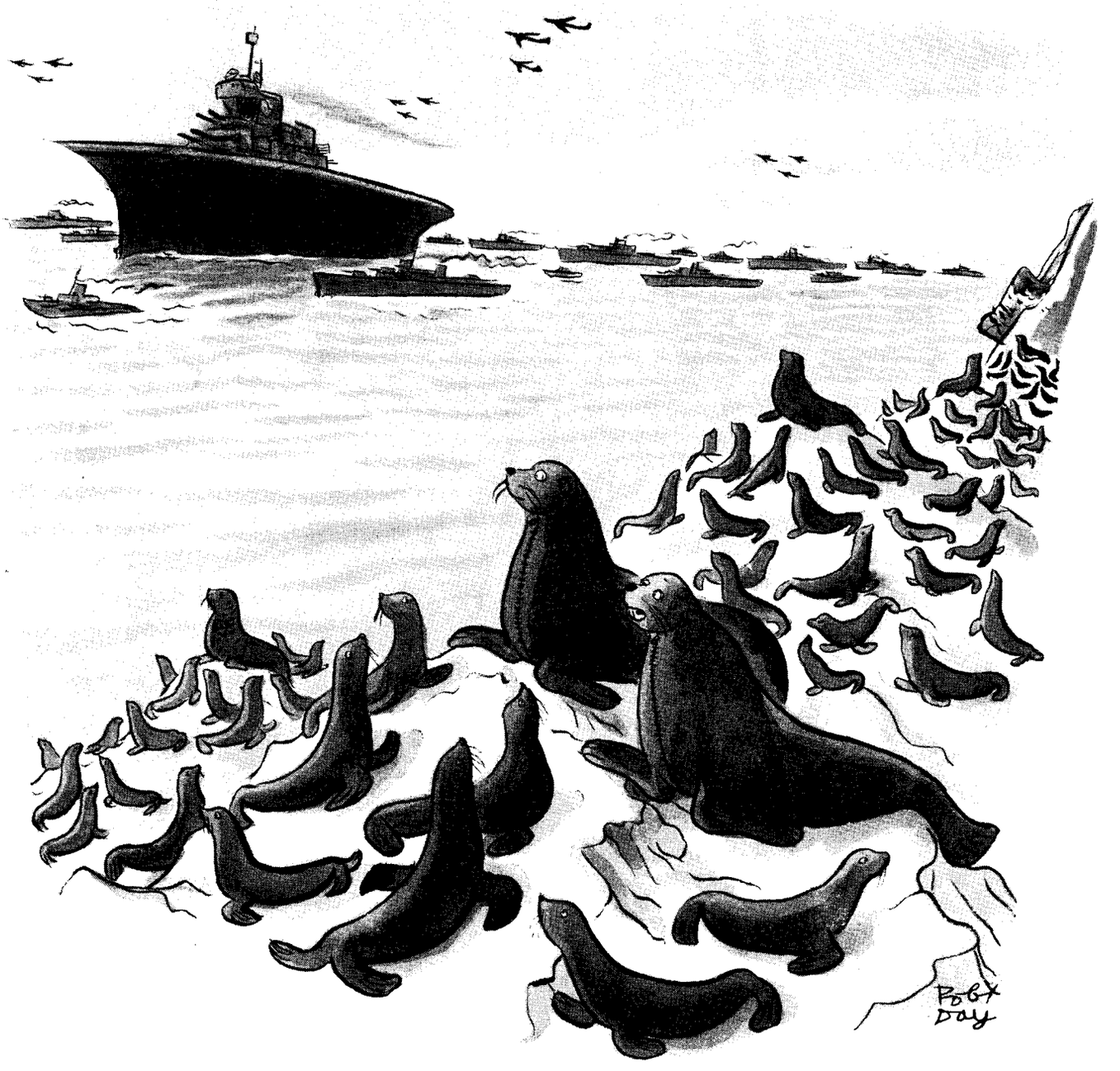

"I count one battleship, three cruisers of the Sverdlov class, eight destroyers of the Leningrad class, and a dozen submarines. How does that check with you, Commander?"

• •

drag her across the entire house like a great sack of petrified potatoes, her head going bump, bump, bump at every step."

My heart sank. It might sound very funny at that hour of the night among friends, but I had begun to realize that any story that amuses its listeners tends to get around. What would happen when it reached Mr. Welch, seated at ease in one of his clubs, that his younger daughter had drunk half a bottle of gin and passed out?

I tried to catch Jinny's eye to shake my head at her. But now that she was out from under the shadow of fear of her father, she was wearing her wildest, most uncontrollable expression.

"There lay that vast girlish lump, out like a light after the merest taste of gin," she was saying. "So we turned on the cold water in the tub and hoped for the best. But she remained dead to the world, while around her the icy waters steadily r—" Jinny stopped.

Over her mobile, sparkling face came an extraordinary change, a look of utter astonishment and consternation. She continued in a different voice, "Actually we might have killed her."

Some one of her audience, still keyed up to Jinny's storytelling pitch, emitted a small, nervous giggle. Jinny turned and stared thoughtfully at him.

"I don't believe it's funny," she said.

After an uncomfortable pause, everyone was only too glad when Jinny took off on another and this time hilarious story—something about getting the Plymouth stuck in a snowbank on the way to town, and how out from a house had come to help her "a hysterical, germ-laden little man in high button boots and plush fours." The words seemed to pop from her lips, and tears of laughter stood in her eyes.

As usual when she was in top form, she had her audience with her; and within a week I was meeting people who were using the phrase "plush fours" to be funny. —Nancy Hale

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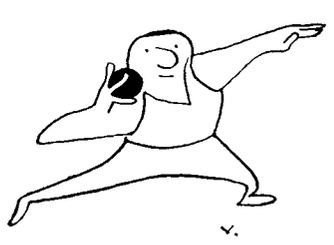
A CHRISTMAS IN JOHANNESBURG

A CHRISTMAS party at The High House seemed to have no beginning and no end. When I took Beulah Rowe there for lunch on the day before Christmas, the pool was full of young men and girls, and roars of whiskey-released laughter came up from the shade of the veranda, where the host, Hamish Alexander, was sitting, in white bowling flannels and brown suède shoes, drum-bellied, bristling with good humor, and surrounded by the older guests. When we left in the afternoon, some of the people had gone but others were newly arrived. Then, there was to be a dinner party in the evening, to which neither Beulah nor I was going. She had to take her son to a children's party given by the sister of her divorced husband; I had promised to go to a celebration arranged by an African friend, Steven Sitole. Beulah was to spend Christmas Day with her parents, and I had plans of my own to fulfill. So I did not see her again until Boxing Day—the day after Christmas—when we had been invited to go back to the Alexanders', and arrived at noon to find the party in its third day, the pool still lively as the seal enclosure at a zoo, the veranda still dispensing laughter.

Over those holidays, it seemed hotter in Johannesburg than it had been all summer up to then. Sun and wine and beer and whiskey made the atmosphere of a fiesta; it was not Christmas to me, an Englishman, but I liked it. Outside my flat, piccanins shuffled and jerked their backsides to penny whistles and a banging on old tins. While the shops were open, a weary, sweating concourse streamed the streets, as thick as a trail of ants following the scent of sugar; later, except for cinema crowds, the city was left to the drunks. Church bells jangled, and on the balconies of flats the hot sun glittered on the trimmings of Christmas trees set in tubs. Black men who delivered clinking cases from bottle stores wore paper hats. If the city was not gay, at least it had let itself go. At the Alexanders', there were presents, flowers, drinks, and food in more than abundance—in luxury. Even the garden, in the swell of midsummer sap, was heaped with so much color, was so pollen-thick, so vibrant with bees and crisscrossed by birds, so heavy with peaches and plums whose delicious overripeness smelled still headier than the perfumes of the women, that plenty was the very texture of the air. You felt that the cornucopia had been jammed down over your head. Beulah flashed and turned in this atmosphere—a creature in its own element. She seemed to me to exist, and rightly so, for no other purpose than to laugh, her eyes brilliant with alcohol, her lap full of presents, among flowers and drunken bees.



THAT year was my first in Johannesburg. I had come to South Africa five months before Christmas, to represent my Uncle Faunce's publishing house, Aden Parrot, Ltd., and I had come with a distaste for what were known in my family circle as Africa's Problems. I was born into such Problems as some children are said to be born into the theatre. The world of my childhood was the beginning of the world of political victims that we now know, and my mother's house (my father died when I was twelve, of an illness unconnected with his service in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War) was much frequented by victims and their champions—for, like an ox attended by a group of tickbirds, each victim had his attendant champions who gave him succor and drew from him for themselves a special kind of nourishment.

Do I sound sneering? I don't mean to be. But I suppose I got tired of them as a child and an adolescent—tired of the German refugee professors and of the poets who limped in from their stint in Spain, tired of the members of committees for the relief of Chinese war orphans, and the organizers of protest meetings in support of Abyssinia, and the saintly or urbane Indians who came to address English committees for a free India and to discuss the best way to defeat the British Raj. And when I came back from my tail-end of war—I was just the right age to get into a training ship for the last six months of it—and went to Oxford and then joined old Faunce in the publishing firm, there was no shortage of causes, nor has there been ever since. By then, I was old enough to take my own stand when some issue moved me, but I reserved to myself the right, even in that house, not to shame myself into indignation about something if I didn't happen to give a damn.

Once India was off their conscience, my family and their set had an overwhelming supply of victims and their champions from Africa. Pamphlets about Dr. Malan, and then about the new Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, Strijdom; about the Mau Mau; about Belgian colonial policy in the Congo and self-government in Nigeria—these piled up beside my mother's bath, where she liked to do this sort of reading. Journalists and crusading parsons who had been to South Africa to shake a Christian fist in the face of the godless white oppressors came to dine and tell their tales. All this had the usual effect on me; it rather put me off Africa.

And when I knew that I was actually going to Africa, I had no intention of becoming what my family and most of my friends, with their own particular brand of salaciousness, envied me the opportunity to become—a voyeur of the world's social perversions. I felt, as I had so often before, an unreasonable hostility, irritation, and resentment that made me want to growl at them, "Leave me alone. Let me choose my friends, and let the abstractions of race and politics go hang."

Once in Johannesburg, I did not seek out Africans; I had, from somewhere, a mental picture of a black man (Uncle Faunce's black man, my mother's black man), earnest, bespectacled, who would talk, over the teacup balanced on his knee, of the latest piece of discriminatory law against his people—a man who would bore me and arouse in me ponderous emotions of self-righteousness and guilt. In fact, I even took a rather childish pleasure in ignoring the list of "worthwhile" people whom I had been advised to look up in Johannesburg. The people I did telephone were a couple whose name my mother had jotted down with hesitation—the Alexanders. She told me that she had discussed with Faunce whether I should bother to see Marian Alexander; Marian *had* been a pleasant girl in her youth, but she had married this tycoon who was supposed to be second in importance only to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer in the gold-mining industry. Rather hopefully, my mother asked me whether I wouldn't be likely to be bored stiff by that kind of family.

And so, of course, I did telephone Hamish and Marian Alexander, and was invited to The High House. Hamish Alexander was chairman of a group of gold-mining companies. In South Africa, that means more than wealth; it means the power by which the whole country lives. Beulah Rowe, who, in

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common with a number of young Johannesburg women of her class, seemed to regard a failed marriage as some sort of career in itself and lived grumblingly on her alimony, was a favorite among the jesters and pretty women who provided diversion at the Alexanders' court, and it was there that I met her.

At The High House, and in the company of Beulah, I discovered something that I could never have guessed at home: It was perfectly possible to live in Africa and ignore the Africans entirely. As servants, of course, they were purely functionaries and did not count. In fact, at The High House it was difficult to believe that on some unimaginable other side of the same city there was a world of black men.

I knew there was. I was a stranger, and as long as I remained one, I had a stranger's license to go everywhere and belong nowhere. I had purposely not sought out Africans, but when I did, by chance, meet an African who interested me as a person, I had no color or group loyalties to forbid my association with him. On the other hand, I couldn't hope, and didn't want, to influence anyone else's group or color loyalties. This divided my life in Johannesburg neatly in two; if I wanted to keep the white half intact, I simply had to be sure never to mention the black half. The gradations of attitude, on the white side, that widened or narrowed the gap between the two worlds didn't attract me. I knew that there were thousands of ordinary white people in the city who were passionately concerned with seeing that the gap didn't close, and a thousand or two who were vaguely saddened and guilty about the privileges of their side of it. I'd even met some of the handful who ignored custom and the law and crossed the gap, but I feared that most of these would fall into the category of "worth-while" people, and, as a stranger, I did not want to get drawn into their weighty political or personal or eccentric reasons for doing what they did.

I had met Steven Sitole, about a month after I got to know Beulah and the Alexanders, at a party in that narrow suburban no man's land where a few whites and a few blacks mix, on the frontier between the two societies. He had not drunk tea and talked about the disabilities of his people, like the African I had envisaged. Instead, he had taken me to a shebeen, an African speakeasy, and told me how sick and tired he was of black men's troubles. He was a journalist-turned-insurance-salesman who had spent a year in England during the war, and he chose—as a kind of rebel against rebellion—to wriggle his way deviously and dubiously through the meshes of the color bar, rather than to fight it in the approved fashion, in an African liberatory movement. "A private life—that's it, man!" he said that night in the shebeen, and in a drunken moment of identification I felt that I knew him better than I'd ever known anyone before.

I began to spend much of my time with him and other Africans—some altogether unlike him—whom I had come to know through him. When I was with them, my affair with Beulah Rowe seemed parenthetic, and when I was with her, I never spoke of them. I knew that if I told Beulah that some of my closest friends in Johannesburg were black men, and that I ate with them and slept in their houses, I would lose her. That was the fact of the matter. And I was damned if I was going to lose her. There was a good chance that her sophistication would save her from the classic reaction of revulsion, but her strong instinct for the mores of the white smart set would label me eccentric and rule me out. To me, it was natural and unremarkable that I should sleep in one of the African townships on Sunday night and in Beulah's bed on Monday; I simply considered it a man's right to choose his friends and to choose a woman to love. What did it matter that because *she* did not know that it was natural and unremarkable she was not told about it?

"What you should examine is his head."

• •

THAT Christmas was divided between the two of them, Steven and Beulah, who would never meet. My Christmas Eve with Steven started at about ten o'clock at a club run by Indians, some miles outside Johannesburg. Lucky Chapputra—an Indian friend of Steven's—had insisted that we go there, Steven said, and while Lucky could not come with us that night, he did send instructions to the club that we should be well looked after. The club was one of those places one could never find again; I drove to it blindly, turning when Steven told me and following landmarks invisible to me, down dirt tracks and through dongas, over the dark veld. Steven chattered all the time, and sometimes could not bear to spoil a story by interrupting it with a direction, so that, a minute or two too late, he would suddenly call

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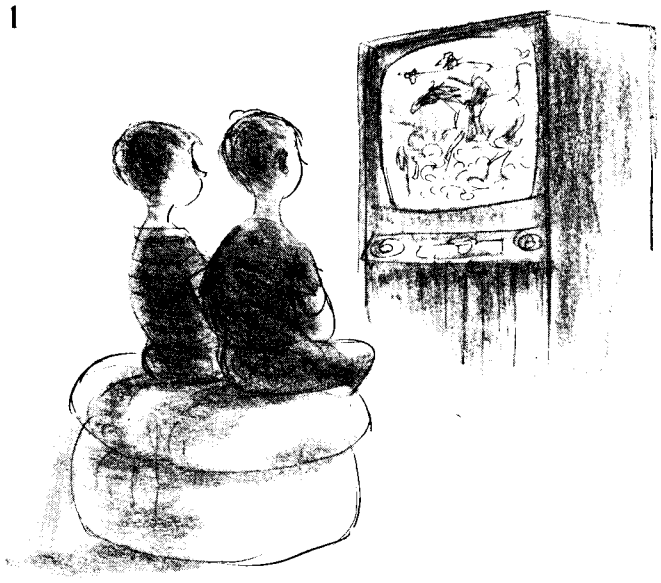

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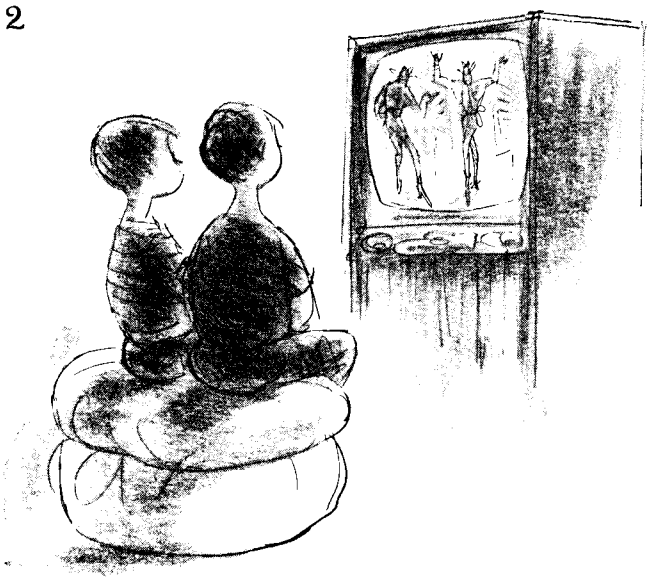

out, sensing something unfamiliar about our progress, "Wait a minute! Stop, man! We've missed the turning."

There was a concert on at the club when we got there. The program went very slowly, because after every two or three items the members of the audience, Moslem and Hindu men who were second- or third-generation South Africans, drifted out to their cars. They would wander back into the hall again in ten or fifteen minutes, each time a little more vociferous and critical in their calls for the entertainment to recommence. The reason was that the club could not, of course, get a license to serve liquor, because it was not a club for white men. The members drank in their cars, fast and neat.

Steven and I, the only African and the only white man there, were hustled into an anteroom lit by a candle, where first the fat, pale organizer of the show—an anxious man named Aswad—and a thin businessman named Mia, and then, as the evening went on, a number of other club personages gave us Haig-and-water during the breaks in the program. As was usual in gatherings of this sort, there were not enough glasses to go around, and we politely drank up quickly, so the others could get in a drink before it was time to go back into the hall. The only furniture in the anteroom was a table and an iron bed with no mattress. There was a plaster figurine among the whiskey bottles on the mantelpiece; I went over to look at it, and Mia, solicitously kind, rushed up with the candle. "Gandhiji!" he cried. "I'll show you." The plaster figure wore a tiny pair of wire spectacles. The candle also lit up some group photographs of Indian businessmen wearing striped suits and important expressions.

We trooped into the hall to listen to a band whose leader was also the singer. We sat on the floor on spring mattresses—"Indian-style," my neighbors kept telling me, in a way that made it clear that it was a novelty for them, too, to be squatting instead of using chairs. "He sings in Hindustani and I only understand a bit of Gujarati," someone complained while the band leader—a wild, mournful-looking boy, whom I would sooner have expected to see giving a performance supine on a bed of nails—sobbed and wailed exactly like all those other young men who, in other languages, drive adolescents to an adoring frenzy. Presently, a girl with a face and body of the most tender grace and beauty came out to a slurring roar of appreciation. She wore a sari, and there were bells round her ankles, above her bare feet; the men called and shouted while she danced and rolled her eyes in a rumba. "Lola, Lola. Lovely, my dear," Mia kept saying. And to me: "Those pigs can't shut up. Isn't she very good?"

I admired her and asked if she ever did any real Indian dancing or singing. Immediately, Mia and a number of others began a fervent conversation in which the word "classical" kept recurring. Poor, sweating Aswad, pathetic as only a harassed fat man can be, became offended; his show, the best artists at the greatest expense, did not please. But the next time we went into the anteroom, Aswad brought in the Indian girl. I have never seen anything more beautiful. She had never been in India, and she spoke English with a strong South African accent, but she had an ancestral beauty. She had in flesh the round stone breasts and little round waist of women in tenth-century Indian sculpture; I had once cut out a photograph of such an image—Vriksaka, the Tree Goddess. The live girl sat on an empty whiskey case, hardly touched by the thick yellow light of the smoking candle, and sang the way a bird sings on a telephone wire. People kept pushing into the room. Some were pushed out again. Those in the room talked admiringly, and though they encouraged more than they listened, I felt that they really were moved by the idea of her singing. She sang traditional Indian songs as long as the important members dared keep her from the general audience, and then she started to leave, pausing to listen attentively to the long compliments, laughing as she managed to slip, without giving offense, from the pawings of those who would detain her, and smiling at the despairing, longing cries of "Classical . . . Classical." She was made to please; I had not seen a creature like her before.

Driving back to town, I talked about her to Steven, and soon we went from the particular to women in general, and then, inevitably, to the particular again, while Steven told me of his conquests in London. It seemed to be a point of honor for a black man who had made something of himself to boast how, in his small beginnings as a waiter, a bellboy, or some such conveniently placed menial, he had been coveted by a white woman. Some of the stories rang true and some of them didn't. I suppose that in the city where I was living such tales were sensational and anarchic, but I must say that to me, as a stranger and an outsider, they sounded like the old, wistful sex lies of boys at school.

Steven and I finished up the night at the House of Fame, the rooms in a Sophiatown back yard that Steven shared with a floating population of bachelors. In the township, singing people, arm in arm, filled the streets. The

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girls, yelling and shaking as they careered along, wore paper doughboy hats inscribed "Hiya Babe" or "I'm No Angel." The dingy houses, where old people and the smallest children were in bed, showed no life. But there must have been some other places like the House of Fame, where people made their own music and danced and talked. The shebeens were open for a roaring trade—we went into one to look for a friend of Steven's—and there were more police about the township than I had seen before. From the hidden yards came voices with the peculiar chanting quality of beer-drunk frenzy. "A lot of broken heads and stabbings before Christmas is over," said Steven, grinning. "The Prince of Peace seems to skip us."

On Christmas Day, I went to church with Ella, the wife of Sam Mofokenzazi, an African friend I had met through Steven, and their little girl. The child was dressed in a stiff, frilly frock and wore the gilt locket I had brought as a Christmas present for her. We went to the Anglican church in the township where they had their house, and only Ella accepted my going as an ordinary thing to do; Sam was delighted that I should want to go with Ella, but in the manner of someone who approves of a piece of intrepid sightseeing.

I was glad to be with a friend, instead of among the polite white strangers who filled their cozy church near my flat with the odor of brilliantine. The priest of the township church was a tubby, untidy Englishman, tonsured by baldness. The church was built of ugly purplish brick, and smelled of the soap with which the congregants had washed and of the smoke from cooking fires with which their clothing was impregnated. A choir of small boys and another of women sang with the unearthly voices of Africans—voices that seem to have a register of their own. After one look around at me, the churchgoers apparently accepted my presence, though I don't suppose a white layman had ever been in their church before. After the service, I saw that the priest wanted to come up and speak to me, to welcome me, probably, but I pretended not to notice, and we left quickly.

Christmas dinner was at the Mofokenzazis'. There was a chicken, and everyone who was invited had brought something for the table—a tinned pudding, a pineapple creamcake, some sausages, nuts, or sweets. It was more like a picnic than anything else, in spite of the stifling little room in which we were confined: the hot, bright day, everyone wandering about the room picking up what he pleased to eat, the pestering flies, the nearness of voices and cardboard trumpets sounding in the street outside. I had brought bonbons and a couple of bottles of wine, and inevitably Sam Mofokenzazi ended up at his piano. Everyone there fell into song as easily as other people drift into conversation; carols, traditional songs, and jazz hummed and thrummed and soared from the room. As I drove away in the afternoon, I was stopped by the police and told to report to the charge office, because I had no permit to be in the location. I was lucky; it was the first time I had been caught, though I had been in the townships innumerable times without a permit, and I got off with a warning.

I went home to my flat and found it nearly as hot as the crowded room I had just left, and a little before six I half undressed, lay down on my bed, and fell asleep. When I woke, it was not, as I thought, early evening but morning, and almost time to go to the Alexanders'. So it was that I seemed to go straight from the township to The High House; sleep was a blank moment that scarcely separated the rutted township track from the smooth driveway that led Beulah and me up toward the fountain of voices rising beside the house.

I had picked up Beulah at her flat. Her little boy hung around the doorway as she prepared to leave. "Are you going in the car? Are you going to swim?" he kept asking me.

"Why not bring him along?" I asked Beulah.

She frowned at me in warning. "No, no. He's going out later. He'll be fetched after lunch—won't you, darling?"

In the car, she grumbled about the time she had just spent with her parents, but before we reached the Alexanders' she had sighed, stretched, fidgeted, lit a cigarette in pleased relaxation. She lifted her arm and put her hand around the nape of my neck, pinching my ear. "And where did you decide to go yesterday, after all?" she asked lazily. I lied, as I had had to lie many times, mentioning the name of an Englishman, a bookseller and his wife, of whom she had heard me speak before.

"What was it like there?"

"All right."

"Couldn't have been as bad as my collection of old crows."

BEULAH sat on the grass beside the Alexanders' pool, opening the presents that had been kept for her from the day before. There was an expensive-looking ring from Hamish and Marian Alexander, which she unwrapped with a deep sigh of achievement; while she exclaimed and hugged them, while she cried to the others

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around the pool with perfect surprise, I had the feeling that she had been almost sure she would get the ring, that she had made certain she would get it. Colored and tinselled packages lay, burst open, all about her—perfume, cosmetics, smoking gadgets, satin, and nylon. A man named John Hamilton picked out a giant pencil that looked like bamboo and had a fur tassel, and began autographing the legs of the women who were sunbathing; another man, one of the Peever twins, came over, hale and dripping, smelling of wet hair and the chlorine of the pool, and kissed Beulah in a scatter of water. "Sweetie!" he cried. "My one and only! Happy Chrissie!"

I'd been given a silk shirt (from Marian Alexander) and an expensive bottle of after-shave lotion (from the Baxters, who managed the Alexanders' farm), and Beulah gave me one of those sumptuous-looking picture books that publishers bring out specially for Christmas and that go vaguely under the name of "art." I'd never worn a silk shirt, never put scented stuff on my face, and would probably never open the book again after that day. I lay idly in a big chair, talking now and then, and listening, sometimes with my eyes closed, to the slap and plunge of people in the water and to the talk of the Christmas Handicap that had been run the previous Saturday. There was a woman with blued white hair, the upper half of whose body swelled as splendidly as a caryatid's. She had an affected, absent manner of talking; "Absolutely glamorous" was her standard comment. The moment someone mentioned racing, I heard her voice change; her languor dropped and she spoke shrewdly, intelligently, and imaginatively.

I went into the pool before lunch, floating in a stream of pleasant sensations—the brisk, quickening touch of cool water, the astringent prickle of the midday sun, the smell of plums and hot grass and the perfume on the skin of a woman as she rose out of the water suddenly beside me. I succumb completely to such moods. This one took me on the instant, and I did not compare or relate it to what had gone before—the Indian girl singing "classical," the House of Fame, Christmas dinner at Sam's house. Neither world was real to me. What sign was there in either that the other existed?

Beulah and I left about five o'clock and drove home in gathering silence. The summer sun was at a level to strike us right in the eyes—an impaling glare you couldn't escape. Beulah was like a bird suddenly quenched when a blanket is thrown over its cage; all her gaiety went out under the sense of the holiday ended. The ebbing of animation from drinks and from the atmosphere of playful admiration with which she and her friends surrounded each other left her stranded. The idea of the new year, only a week away, seemed to depress her. "I'll be twenty-nine," she said.

I realized that I was incapable of generating the kind of atmosphere that we had just left, and I remained silent. She sat like a child for whom the end of the party is the end of the world. That was how she lived—from one treat to the next, free of a job, free of her child, free of all the everyday ballast that, I suppose, makes life possible for most people.

Her flat smelled stale from being shut up through the heat of the day. Her son had not yet come home. She treated me in the absent, dependent, grateful manner of the convalescent who wakes and is glad to find someone sitting at the bedside. When we had opened the windows and the balcony doors, we simply sat about for a while, talking desultorily and looking through a couple of the American picture magazines she subscribed to, which usually lay about unopened. The building, the whole street were not so much quiet as abandoned, with the gone-dead feeling of places awaiting the return of holiday-makers. She came and sat beside me and leaned against me, kicking off her shoes and putting her feet up on the stained table where I and my predecessors had rested our glasses. It was one of those hours when you feel that you

A TRYST IN BROBDINGNAG

"In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput."

My Glumdalclitch, come here and sit with me,
And let us speak of that which may not be.
I, on your dewy palm, will tailorwise
Arrange myself the nearer to your eyes,
Those pearly bulbs enclosed with beds of fern,
Whose tears I dare not drink, so hot they burn.
And I shall scan each dimpled vale and crease
Of that sublime topography, your face,
Hoping to read some tenderness therein
You save for me and keep from grosser men.

My sweet colossus, though with me and you
There's coquetry, here's what we may not do:
I cannot charge the grotto of your ear
With whispers; all persuasions I must roar.
And if you answer in too eager voice,
My head will splinter at the darling noise.
I cannot with a daring hand caress
The damask skin beneath your heaving dress,
Lest, unawares, you blow me like a fly
Upon the gale of one ecstatic sigh.

If still to Gulliver you would be kind,
Keep passion delicate and zest refined.
Take but the daintiest of token sips,
Lest, taking even this, you bruise his lips.
Nor think your love was always such a creature,
Too fragile for the mightier ways of nature.
Once, huge against the tower-needled air,
I turned an empire into miniature,
Held Ministers in my palm and, laughing, blew
Confusion on the fleets of Blefuscu!

—Adrienne Rich

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"I must say, before I begin, that the deceased had a most delicious sense of humor."

• •

will never be hungry again, or want to make love again. We looked at the pictures in silence, and then Beulah decided to have a bath.

I hadn't realized how long she'd been gone (she must have been soaking for more than twenty minutes; the sun had dropped and the air seemed to breathe again) when suddenly she appeared in the doorway wrapped in her bath towel and looking curiously stunned, as if she could not believe what had alarmed her. "Come and listen," she said. "Quickly!"

She took my hand tightly and led me into the bathroom. "Listen." She jerked my hand as a sign for me to be still. There was nothing for a moment, except the drip of a tap, but when I started to speak, she stopped me urgently. Then I heard the panting of a dog, somewhere on the other side of the wall, in the street. But as I identified the sound, it grew; it was the panting of something else. What? It grew in volume, it quickened, while Beulah, dripping wet, stared at the wall in horror. Then, as she turned to warn me of the anguish of what was to come, it came: the last roaring pant, a breath taken in Hell, burst in a vast, wailing sobbing—the terrible sorrow of a man. A man! I ran into the bedroom and opened a window, and she followed me, to see what she had been afraid to look at alone. I looked. The street seemed empty, commonplace, cheerful. Some broken paper streamers, yellow and pink, lay in the road. A bicycle was propped against a tree. And then we saw him, sitting with his head on his arms, in the gutter just below us. He was a tall Zulu—the stretched lobes of his ears hung loose where he had once worn in them the fancy wooden discs of his tribe—and he had on only a pair of trousers.

"It's Amos!" said Beulah, with a hysterical laugh of relief, as if identifying the man as the servant we both knew who cleaned the flats on her floor must automatically put an end to the horror.

But as she spoke, the man got up and began to pace back and forth across the road, and in his splendid chest the hideous panting began again, working up to a gasping climax and ending in the raucous and frightful sobbing that left him crouching in the gutter with his head bowed on his hands. "Amos!" Beulah called. "Amos!"—the voice of authority and reproof that never failed to bring him to the kitchen door. We saw his face, looking directly at us as he began to pace and pant again; saw that he did not see us, or anything.

"Amos! Amos!"

Beulah was shaking as if she had just been struck in the face. "What's the *matter* with him?" she begged me. "What's wrong with him?" It seemed to me that she felt the threat of a disaster she had never heard of—the dread of the discovery of some human sorrow unknown to her, something that was neither poverty nor divorce nor death.

If she thought of sorrow, I thought of madness. I believed he must have gone wholly crazy. I wanted to go straight out and try to talk to him, but she would not let me go without her; she made me wait while she flung on her clothes grimly.

"You mustn't go," I said. "You watch through the window."

"No, no." Her hands could hardly

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"No more for me, thanks. I've got to get back to wherever in hell it is I parked the car."

•

put her clothing together. She was in the full fascination of horror.

A moment later, she stood beside me on the pavement, looking down at the man, one trembling hand, the nails scarlet against her temple, holding back her hair. We called his name, but he did not know we were there. We ran back, clattering up the ringing iron of the back stairs to the roof, where the servants lived, and fetched one of the other cleaning men. He was a small, bowlegged Basuto, who was smoking licorice tobacco in a pipe as crooked as his legs. We took him down to the street, where he stood looking at the man in the gutter, admiring his state of extremity. "He been smoking. Dagga make him like that." Dagga belongs to the same drug family as hashish, kief, and marijuana.

"Speak to him. Go on, speak to him," ordered Beulah angrily; she might have been telling him to scrub the floor.

The Basuto didn't move. "I don't touch him," he said. "He know nothing, nothing. Sometime three day he won't know nothing." He enjoyed giving information.

"Dagga! But he's in agony!" Beulah covered her face, but not her eyes, with both hands.

It was true that the man knew nothing; he could not seem to find his way back to himself. His was an unspeakable anguish of alienation, lostness, the howling of the wolf of the soul in a waste. The ghastly ritual went on: the tearing anxiety of pacing and panting, the climax of sobs, the panting again. Beulah took her hands from her face, and I saw that the palm of one was indented with the marks of her teeth.

We went into the flat and she made some strong black coffee. With Beulah following me, I carried a full cup carefully down the stairs and across the street, but when I approached the man, he flung himself away like a wild beast for whom food in the hand of a man is overlaid with the scent of fear.

Beulah still could not take her eyes off him. When he panted, her hand flew to her breast; when he sobbed, her mouth twitched.

"Should we send for the police?" she asked.

"They'll arrest him."

"Get a doctor?"

It did not seem possible that any human being could help the man where he was.

"Why did he do it?" she kept saying.

A few Africans had wandered down from the building, drawn by the spectacle. They talked and pointed, standing back, the way they might have done at the zoo. "That's his Christmas," said a tall man with speckless black-and-white shoes, a Stetson, and an idle way of chewing a match. The word was echoed in agreement, indulgently. When they had seen the whole thing through two or three times, they went back up the stairs or strolled off along the street, talking in their own language and detaining each other with the gestures in the air that people use when they are capping each other's anecdotes about the things they've seen in their time.

We went inside, too, at last, and in the living room, which did not face the street, you could not hear the man. But Beulah kept going to stand in the bathroom, where you could hear him but did not have to look. When I went in, she was sitting on the edge of the bath. I started to say something, and she shushed me, as if she must listen to the sounds that came from outside, that monstrous, only half-human serenade. It was all the cries we do not cry, all the howls we do not howl, all the bloody furies in our hearts that are never—must never be—let loose. Even I was afraid—not of the man but of a stir of recognition in myself. We sat in a kind of shameful fascination and did not look at each other.

The sobs died away at last. It was a gentle evening, as it so often is after a grillingly hot day in Johannesburg. Scraps of pastel floated about the sky between the buildings, the trees, and the chimneys of the empty street.

" 'His Christmas'!" Beulah said suddenly. "They said it was his Christmas. What would make anyone choose that Christmas?"

She got up and went into the kitchen to fetch ice for our drinks. I started to follow her. At that moment, there was a roaring cry outside, and then the sound of a man running, running up the street. From the bedroom window I could see him go—past the leaning bicycle, past the stragglers, and up and over the hill and out of sight. —NADINE GORDIMER

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The new store is located at the corner of the Collins Ferry Road and Aspen Avenue in Morgan Park and will feature hardware, tools, builders supplies, electrical appliances, paints, plumbing and electrical supplies as well as toys and housewives.—*Morgantown (W.Va.) Dominion News.*

The little ones with all the attachments?

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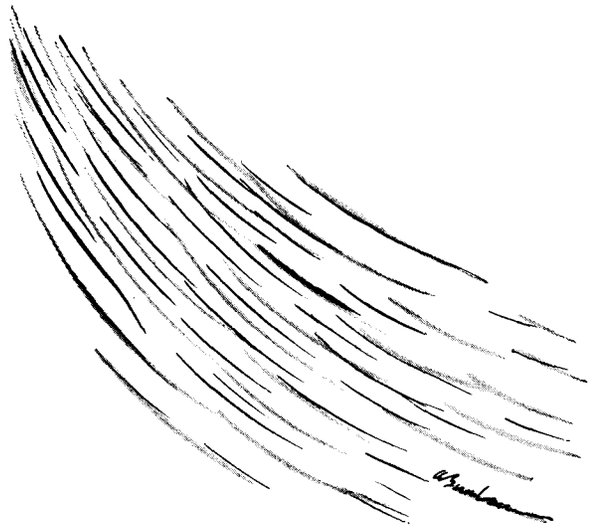
PROFILES

DYNAMICS



FOR several years, I have been an occasional reader of annual corporation reports—those dazzling brochures with which American companies keep their stockholders, and anybody else who cares, informed about what they are up to and how well it is paying off. One of the reports I find it hardest to put down is that of the General Dynamics Corporation. The very name of the firm, which seems to embrace just about everything that moves or is moved, gives the cover a powerful charm, and the pictures and text inside—relating to ballistic missiles, atomic reactors, atomic submarines, supersonic aircraft, and automation equipment, all of which General Dynamics designs and manufactures—only make the charm more compelling. All the escapist delights of science fiction are in such a document; what makes the delights particularly delicious in this case is the knowledge that the contents are not fiction but fact, translated into coolly staggering financial statistics by a certified public accountant. The language—tense yet deadpan—matches the subject matter. Early in 1954, the atomic-powered submarine Nautilus, whose hull had been built by General Dynamics, was launched, and in the report of that year, John Jay Hopkins, the founder of the company and then its president and chairman, wrote, "The historic significance of the 'USS Nautilus' is not only that she is the world's first nuclear-propelled vessel—she is the world's first atomic-powered *thing*." That is a fair sample of General Dynamics prose, and the financial statement in the adjoining column—reporting net sales of $648,641,241 for the year—is a fair sample of the thought-provoking quality of General Dynamics financial information.

Of course, the company, which is now almost six years old, has come a long way since those pioneering days of 1954. Take its most recent annual report—the one for 1956, issued last spring. On page 3, under the heading "Events in Brief," the company lists a few of its accomplishments during the year. "B-58, delta-wing 'Hustler,' America's first supersonic jet bomber, flight-tested for the United States Air Force" is a typical event in brief. "Development of 'Atlas,' the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, continued for the United States Air Force" is another, if less conclusive, one. " 'USS Nautilus' approached '20,000 Leagues,' or 60,000 miles, under nuclear power" is a third. (While the conversion of miles into leagues seems to be an allusion to Jules Verne, a critic might remark that twenty thousand leagues under even nuclear power is hardly the same thing as twenty thousand leagues under the sea.) On page 17 of the 1956 report, opposite a four-color picture of a scientist designing a helmet to be worn at speeds above Mach 1, is the statement "The achievement of manned space flight is likely to follow an orderly development along four main lines—and possibly a fifth." The third line, or step, I noted (I was reading dynamically), is earth-moon flight, the fourth interplanetary flight, and the fifth—the only one General Dynamics speaks of with the least hesitancy—"in the far-distant future, perhaps interstellar and intergalactic flight." In the financial section, the company's net sales for 1956 are reported at $1,047,818,510—an increase of more than fifty per cent over the previous year's figure, and not far short of double the figure for 1954.

For quite a while I'd had it in mind to get a closer look at General Dynamics, where people seem to chat so casually about space travel while taking in a comfortable billion dollars a year. Then, last fall, when space began to fill up with alien satellites, I decided that the time for the closer look had come. A call to the company's head office, at 445 Park Avenue, produced an appointment with Vernon Welsh, who was described to me as vice-president—communication. The title was one I had never heard before, but I couldn't deny that it had a more up-to-date, vital, and—well, dynamic ring to it than "vice-president in charge of advertising, public relations, and publications," which, as it turned out, would have been a more explicit description of Welsh's job.

IN one respect, at least, reaching the presence of a top General Dynamics official is like blasting off into space; that is, it is accomplished in stages. The first stage is ascent by elevator to the company's reception room on the nineteenth floor. This is a stylish place, whose chief ornament is a framed picture of either a sun or a moon, with either stars or atomic particles above it and either air waves or water waves below it. Printed beside this piece of Expressionism, which I took to be an attempt to convey the spirit of the company and its work, is a legend whose meaning was wholly explicit:

> General Dynamics today is the product not only of its own particular history but of the scientific and industrial history of the Western world. As such, Dynamics declares its corporate purpose to be: The comprehensive exploration of the basic forces of the universe and their translation into useful work under the sea, on the sea, on land, in the air, and in space beyond the earth's atmosphere.

I was working my way through that dizzying corporate purpose for a second time when a receptionist told me that Mr. Welsh was expecting me on the twenty-first floor. So I then undertook Stage 2, successfully ascending to Mr. Welsh's precinct without even detaching my nose cone. Here, another receptionist ushered me into another reception room and asked me to wait a few minutes. The most notable object in *this* room was a glass cabinet containing models of General Dynamics products—a couple of jet planes, a rocket, a six-engine bomber, a submarine, and a queer-looking half-plane half-rocket sitting on its haunches with its fuselage pointed skyward. While I was studying these splendid toys, a smiling, self-possessed man of about forty came in and introduced himself as Vernon Welsh. We shook hands, and I asked him about the strange contraption in the

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cabinet. "Navy Pogo Stick," he said. "Takes off straight up, lands straight down, can fly over five hundred miles an hour horizontally. I should put all that in the past tense, by the way—it's obsolete. As a matter of fact, just about everything in that showcase is obsolete or superseded. Display hasn't been changed in six months. Now, how about a tour around headquarters?"

This turned out to be a dog-trot excursion into and out of elevators and up and down corridors lined with ordinary-looking offices. In fact, everything looked so ordinary, so standard-business-office, that I was quite surprised to notice a copy of "Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel," by Willy Ley, a book entitled "Man in Space," and a periodical called *Missiles and Rockets: The Magazine of World Astronautics* on the desk of one employee. Riding his hobby on company time, I thought. But, of course, he wasn't. "That's our staff historian," Welsh told me. "Evidently he's getting to the astronautics part of the company history."

We shared one elevator ride with a thoughtful-looking man, whom Welsh introduced to me as Gordon Dean, senior vice-president—nuclear energy. It struck me that General Dynamics had a well-qualified man in *that* slot, for Dean, I remembered, used to be the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. And back on the twenty-first floor, Welsh took me into a fair-sized room in which a desk and a board-room table were arranged to form a T; this was the office of Frank Pace, Jr., who had been the company's president since the death of Hopkins last spring, and who was away at the moment on a trip to Japan. Another well-qualified man, I thought; Pace used to be President Truman's Secretary of the Army.

Welsh and I ended our tour in his office, down the hall from Pace's. I was startled to find it furnished with a simple wooden table, backless wooden benches, and, on the walls, pictures of bowls of fruit—everything just vaguely visible, because louvered shutters on the windows subdued the light to the point of dimness. "All Shaker," Welsh remarked with satisfaction. "Except the shutters—my one deviation from authenticity." The only other possible deviation I could spot—but a flagrant one, I felt sure, though my familiarity with Shaker decoration is limited—was an atomic-particles poster, hanging on a wall between two still-lifes of fruit.

"Now what else can I do for you?" the vice-president—communication asked, and I replied that I'd like to learn as much as I could about how General Dynamics combines the function of exploring basic forces with that of paying regular cash dividends. He nodded, and said the thing might be to talk to a few of the key men from the company's various divisions. The divisions are pretty far-flung, he pointed out—aerodynamics people in Montreal, San Diego, and Fort Worth and Daingerfield, Texas; astronautics and atomics in San Diego; hydrodynamics in Groton, Connecticut; electronics in Rochester and San Diego, and so on—but catching people from those plants as they passed through headquarters probably wouldn't be too much of a problem, and he would keep in touch with me. "A lot of our men are on the move a good deal," Welsh added. "They practically all come to New York now and then—even the astronauticists orbit in occasionally—and we'll try to tag them for you as they do."

"Beat it, bud. I'm with the Syndicate."

IN the next several days, while waiting for somebody to orbit in, I went through a foot-thick sheaf of communications about General Dynamics that Welsh had given me. It's quite a company. Its predecessor and progenitor was a firm founded in 1898 that bore the almost Victorian name of Electric Boat Company, of Groton, Connecticut. The electric boats it manufactured, however, were not bathtub toys but submarines; it made the Navy's first successful sub, in 1900, and from then on stayed ahead of all competition in that line of work. Hopkins, an up-and-coming lawyer and financier, was made a

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director of Electric Boat in 1937 and became its president in 1947—a year when neither the Navy nor anyone else wanted submarines and the company was having a hard time. Just before his accession, Electric Boat bought up Canadair, which had been Canada's largest aircraft manufacturer during the war but was a notable bargain in 1947, since it, too, had very little to keep it busy. One of the first things Hopkins did as president was to sign a contract with the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission for the construction of an atomic-powered sub.

In 1952, the atomic-submarine project was coming along well, and Canadair, as a subsidiary of Electric Boat, was doing splendidly again, thanks partly to the Korean War. Hopkins felt so euphoric that he changed the name of the whole combine to General Dynamics, and established an Electric Boat Division to handle its submarine-making operations. The company was now "in the business of the discovery and use of new forms of dynamics—of *power*," Hopkins explained in a speech. Within the next six months, the company's stock rose more than fifty per cent. This may have been due to continuing growth and expansion, or perhaps it was just that investors had been stimulated nomenclaturally, in the manner of Oscar Wilde's Gwendolen, who found that she could love John better as Ernest. Still, there were critics. "As long as you were going in for Buck Rogers stuff, why didn't you call it Universal Nuclear Galactic, or maybe Everything, Unlimited?" one stockholder wrote in to the management. Hopkins replied, reasonably enough, that the old name was "no longer descriptive of the company's activities," and added, with finality, "The new name is." By the middle of 1953, the company had become so erg-laden that it was able to swallow an outfit three times its size—the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation—and digest it into a mere division, though by far the largest one, of General Dynamics. Consolidated Vultee, which during the war had turned out about thirteen per cent of the nation's airframes—that is, airplanes complete except for engines—was itself the result of a merger between Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, an aviation veteran dating back, under various names, to 1908, and Vultee Aircraft, a firm named for Jerry Vultee, who was a young engineer and pilot of a quarter of a century ago. Consolidated Vultee now became General Dynamics' Convair Division—a telescoping that left nothing of Jerry Vultee (who was killed in a light-plane crash in 1938) but a sandwiched consonant.

Under the General Dynamics management, Convair advanced with the times—or somewhat ahead of them—to the production of supersonic jet fighters and bombers, ballistic missiles, and development work on a nuclear-powered bomber; in 1955, it set up an astronautics section, for the specific purpose of developing an intercontinental ballistic missile, which would be called the Atlas. While working on the Atlas, the astronautics section was told to keep thinking about space flight as the next project. In the meantime, General Dynamics—which students of both finance and science fiction were now beginning to admit was entitled to its new name—was busy expanding still further. In 1955, it acquired Stromberg-Carlson, a manufacturer of telephone equipment and all sorts of electronic gadgets, and last September it added the Liquid Carbonic Corporation, a manufacturer of carbon-dioxide gases, chiefly for use in soft drinks. The aeration of soda pop may not strike the uninitiated as an especially dynamic activity but, as every good chemist apparently knows, substances not dissimilar to soda pop are used for rocket fuel. The officers, directors, and stockholders of General Dynamics and of Liquid Carbonic, therefore, had reason to believe that their combined research departments would be able to produce both better rocket fuel and better soda pop. At 445 Park, such coöperation spells progress.

This being an age in which most people's free-association response to the words "energy" and "dynamic" would quite probably be "atomic," it was only a question of time before General Dynamics got directly into the atomic-energy business. In 1952, the year General Dynamics came into existence, it registered the name General Atomic Corporation for future use; three years later it got around to activating a General Atomic Division, and allocated an initial ten million dollars for a laboratory, in San Diego, to be devoted exclusively to projects, both practical and theoretical, in the field of nuclear energy. Hopkins himself became so enthusiastic about the possibilities of atomic energy

Key to the city

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for peaceful purposes, and made so many evangelical speeches on the subject, that he came to be spoken of as an "atomic Buchmanite." One of his addresses, delivered in Boston in the autumn of 1955 and advocating the manufacture of atomic reactors as a possible way of pulling New England out of its business depression, bore the rather unsettling title "The Atomic Flowering of New England." The title of another—"Toward 'A New Heaven and a New Earth' "—offers a clue to the apocalyptic nature of his atomic vision. Whether or not New England has flowered atomically, or a new heaven and a new earth have been attained, the General Atomic Division's San Diego laboratory is now partly built, and the division announced a while back that the first fruits of its research—three brand-new models of atomic reactor—were now on sale.

To round out my own research with a little statistical work, I counted up General Dynamics' corporate elements, and ascertained that they come to one fully owned subsidiary—Canadair—and six divisions: Electric Boat, Convair, Stromberg-Carlson, General Atomic, Liquid Carbonic, and Electro Dynamic. (I find I have neglected to mention Electro Dynamic up to this point, probably because, in spite of its name, it is in reality a modest, comparatively low-pressure operation. A division of Electric Boat long before all the merging began, Electro Dynamic almost automatically became a division of General Dynamics when the new company was created, and throughout all the corporate reshufflings it has quietly gone on making electric motors in Bayonne, New Jersey, which is what it started doing in 1880 and what it is doing today.) My statistical research also included some nose-counting, which revealed that no fewer than six of the officers of General Dynamics have been in government service at, or near, the very top level; at least three of them—President Pace, Senior Vice-President Dean, and the head of Convair, General Joseph T. McNarney, who has held various high military commands—were front-page public figures before they joined General Dynamics. Such a preponderance of former Washington brass, I reflected, could hardly help but be useful to a company that derives some eighty-five per cent of its business from the government.

NOT long after my tour with Welsh, one of his deputy communicators called to tell me that several

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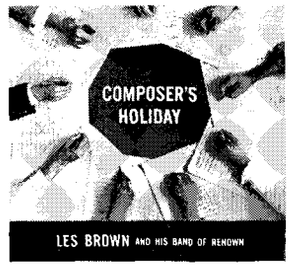

Originals for Les Brown's band by such greats as Previn, Newman, Bernstein *et al.* A big band holiday! T886

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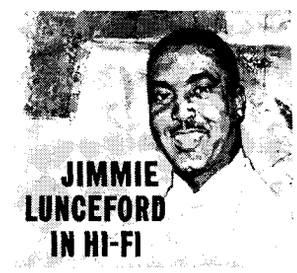

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of General Dynamics' far-flung operatives happened to have stopped in at headquarters simultaneously, and that if I came right up, I would have a good chance of meeting some of them. The deputy was waiting for me at the reception desk, and no sooner had we started down the hallway together than we encountered one of the out-of-towners—a tall, gray-haired man with a pipe clenched in his teeth, whom my guide introduced as Carleton Shugg, a senior vice-president of General Dynamics and the general manager of its Electric Boat Division. I asked Shugg what was going on at Electric Boat. Well, he replied, atomic subs of advanced design were the big thing at the moment. One of them, a Nautilus-class job called the Skate, would be turned over to the Navy almost any day; three more—the Triton, a radar-picket vessel powered by two reactors, which will be the largest submarine ever, and the sister ships Skipjack and Scorpion, which will be the *fastest* submarines ever—were expected to be in the water before the end of 1958. Digging into a folder he was carrying, Shugg brought out a picture of the Skipjack, and handed it to me; a vessel with tail fins and a sleek cigar shape, it suggested a cross between a shark and a blimp. "That's only an artist's conception, of course, with a certain amount of censorship for security, but it's pretty much what she'll look like," Shugg said. "The thing about the shape is that since we are now using atomic reactors for power and can stay underwater indefinitely, we can build a true submarine instead of a surface craft capable of submersion. You can leave off those gimcracks all over the deck—even the Second World War subs had them. Matter of fact, the Skipjack doesn't have any damn deck at all. She'll be able to go a lot faster underwater than on the surface. How much faster, I'm not permitted to tell you."

Shugg took back the picture of the Skipjack, and returned it to his folder. "You ought to see that crowd up in Groton," he said. "Here you've got an old New England shipyard, worked by old-time Yankee mechanics. You know how shopmen hate something new—especially Yankee ones? Well, those old-timers are still up there, turning out atomic submarines and getting a hell of a kick out of it. We've got younger engineers, too—it takes a certain amount of youth to get on top of all this new gadgetry—but you need the old guild craftsmen for balance. Building these things is hard work—nasty work. A guy has to stand on his head to get some part in a small space, and while he's doing it, somebody's liable to step on his hand. All right, why do the men like it? Because the product's got sex appeal. When you're making atomic subs, you turn out so few that each damn one is a personality. Come up and see for yourself sometime."

Shugg strode off dynamically down the hall, and my guide left me for a moment to see if he could flush another important orbiter in a nearby office. He was successful; Dr. Frederic de Hoffmann, general manager of the General Atomic Division, in San Diego, could spare me a few minutes. Dr. de Hoffmann, he told me, may well be the only living thirty-three-year-old vice-president of a billion-dollar corporation. "Freddie's division, besides doing basic research on things like harnessing thermonuclear energy for commercial power, makes reactors, and he's something of a reactor himself," my guide whispered just before ushering me into the room.

DR. DE HOFFMANN, a short, plump, bespectacled, buoyant-looking man with the air of an exceptionally bright undergraduate about him, was sitting in a swivel chair behind his desk, within reach of a substantial blackboard some eight feet long and four feet high. I asked him how the atomic-reactor business was doing. "Booming," he replied. "But before we talk hardware, let's talk philosophy. I think a scientist ought to be something of a philosopher. I have a high regard for sitting back and thinking—an activity that, by God, has brought about point nine six of all our scientific advances. That includes atomic energy, even though the war years taught us the value of *ad-hoc* science, the practical approach. O.K. At General Atomic, from the very start, the idea has been to work up spiritual surroundings, an academic atmosphere, and couple this with the fast-moving things you can do in industry—the quick-decision-making things, the things the university perforce lacks. Out in San Diego, we've created spiritual surroundings for ourselves—the lab has a lovely view of the Pacific Ocean—and we've got a team of two hundred and fifty people, about fifty of them Ph.D.s, which doesn't by itself mean a thing any more, but my people, by

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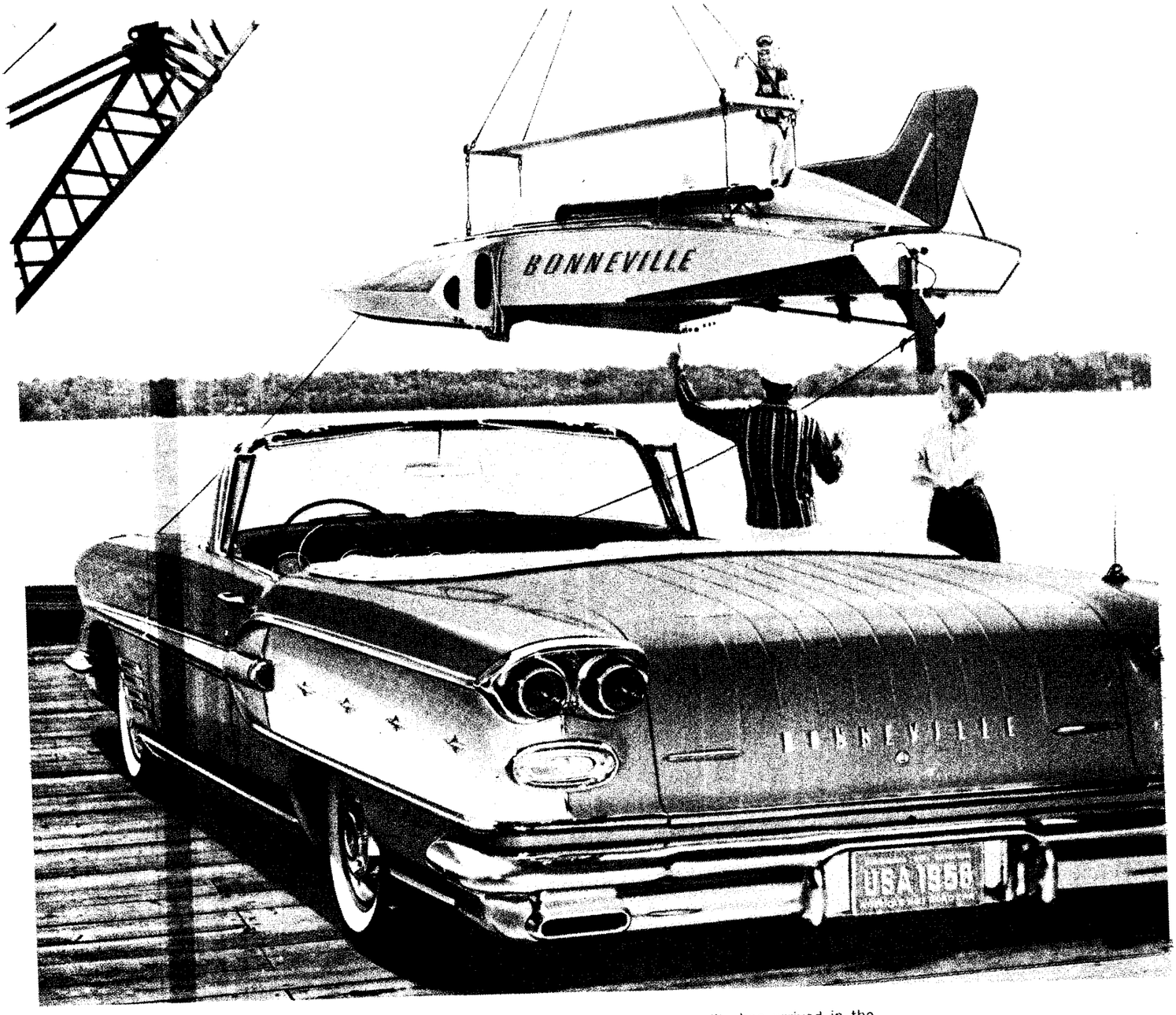

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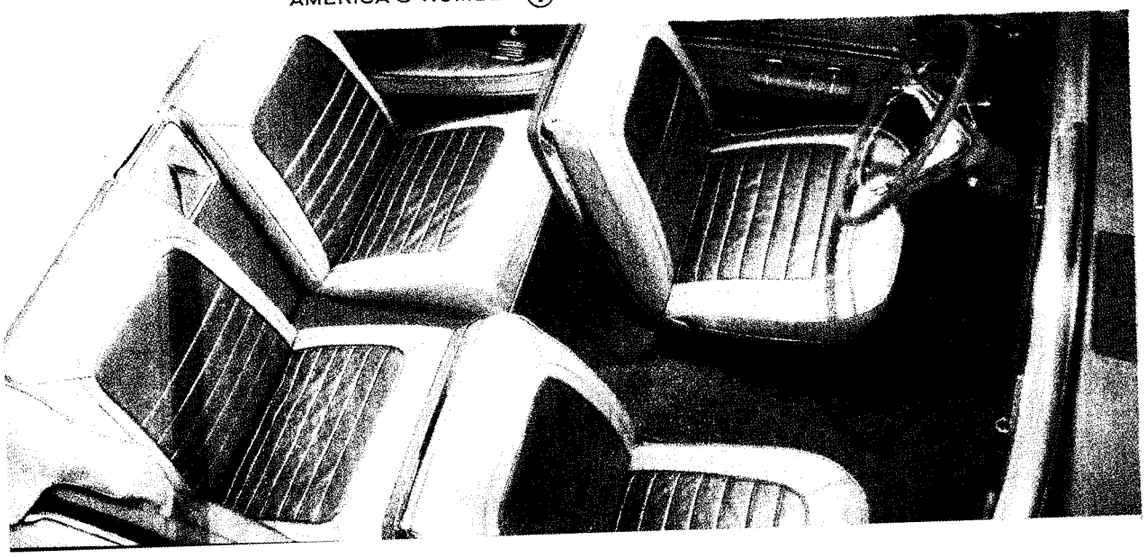

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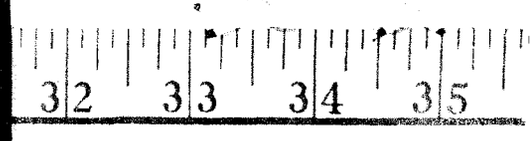

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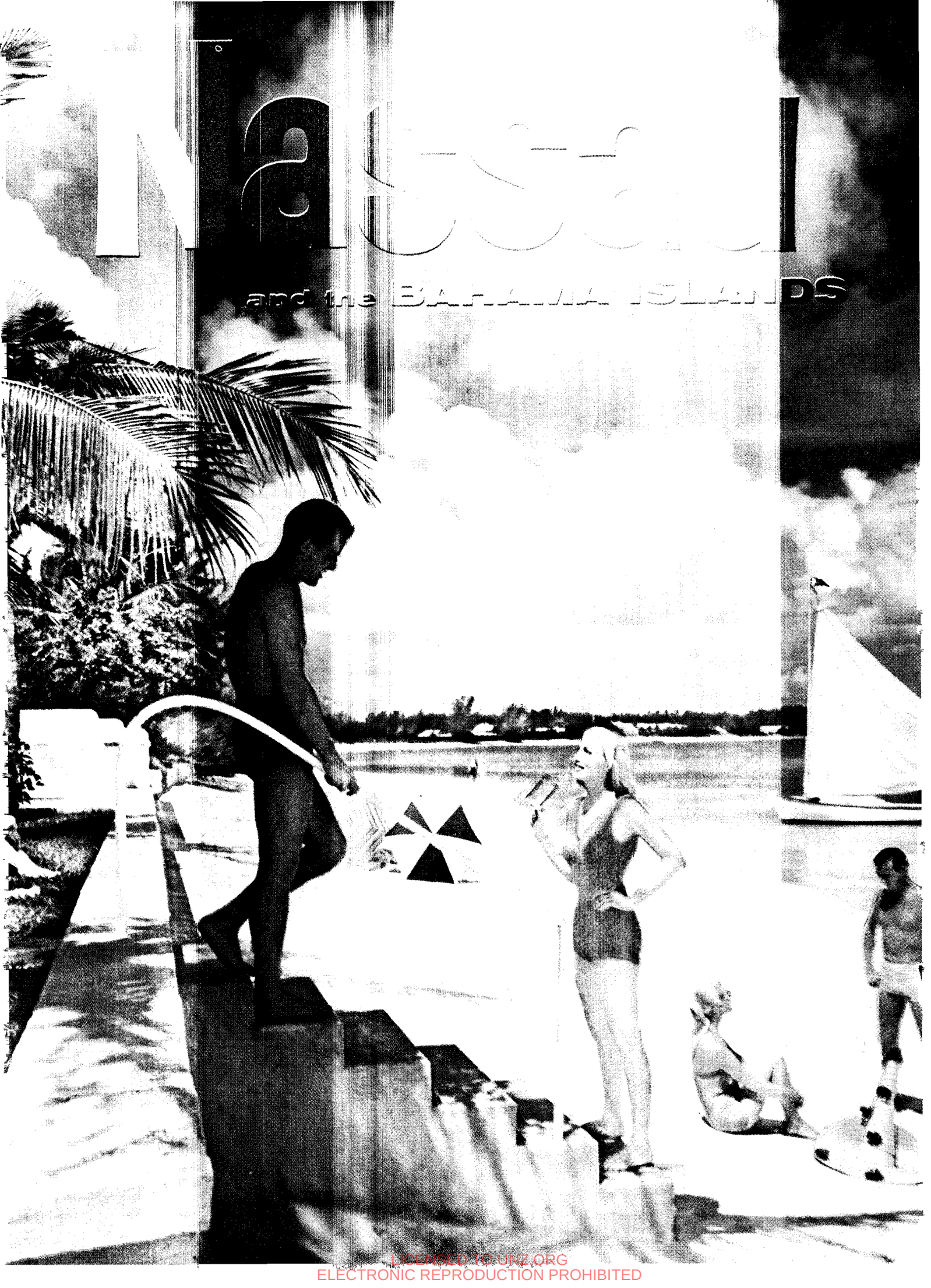

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God, *are* philosophers. Feeling for the unity of science! Obvious example: Ed Creutz, our director of research. Here's a man who switched from physicist to metallurgist to solve a particular problem while he was doing his reactor-slug work at Oak Ridge. Then, after a spell at Los Alamos, he went to Carnegie Tech and built up one of the best physics departments in the country. Then he took a year's leave to do controlled thermonuclear work for the A.E.C. On top of that, he's a likable guy, which makes point nine nine difference on a scientific team. A philosopher! O.K. Now hardware."

Dr. de Hoffmann reached into a drawer, brought out three booklets, and tossed them to me. "Take a look at these," he said. The booklets described General Atomic's hardware production to date—the three atomic reactors now on sale. They were named the Triga (short for training, research, and isotope-producing reactor, General Atomic), the Rega (research reactor, General Atomic), and the Irga (isotope-producing reactor, General Atomic). The reactors' characteristics were outlined, and their wonders extolled, in language that alternated between the flatly and incomprehensibly technical and the brightly but just as incomprehensibly metaphorical. The big selling point of all three, for example, seemed to be their "prompt negative temperature coefficient," a characteristic that sounded to me about like what is always being claimed for this or that brand of gasoline or beer; on the other hand, some of their parts had breezy names like "pneumatic rabbit," "glory hole," and "Lazy Susan." I decided against asking Dr. de Hoffmann to explain these terms, and confined myself to a comment on their picturesqueness. He looked pleased. "We had a hard time thinking of names that were nice enough, and that still wouldn't offend our scientific sensibilities," he said. "We haven't really reached the sales-promotion phase yet, but when we do, the catchy names ought to help. So far, General Atomic doesn't even have a sales staff, but I expect we will eventually. Why should peddling atomic reactors be any different from peddling anything else? So far, we've got a situation where we know point nine nine of all our potential customers by their first names. For example, I could tick off right now the eight guys in Brazil who might want a reactor."

I besought Dr. de Hoffmann for a

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bit of autobiography, and, for answer, he swivelled around to the blackboard, picked up a piece of chalk, and wrote:

1941 (entered Harvard)
↓
Dec. 1943 (left for Los Alamos)
(2 Harvard courses unfinished)
↓
Jan. 1946 (back to Harvard)

"When I came back, Harvard said the hell with those two courses, on the basis of my work under Edward Teller at Los Alamos," he told me as he went on scribbling. By the time he had finished, half the blackboard was covered with jottings on the de Hoffmann career, from which I learned that he was born in Vienna in 1924, went to England in 1939, and is best known in scientific circles for his work with Dr. Teller on the development of the hydrogen bomb. Hopkins brought him to General Dynamics as head of General Atomic in 1955, when the division was organized. The newcomer was then just thirty-one.

BEMUSED by daydreams of television commercials and department-store displays plugging Trigas, Regas, and Irgas, I left Dr. de Hoffmann and followed my guide into an office occupied by Krafft A. Ehricke, formerly assistant to the director of propulsion development for the Germans' V-2 project at Peenemünde and now assistant to the technical director at Convair—Astronautics. A heavyset man, dressed in a tweed coat, gray flannel slacks, Argyle socks, and loafers, he looked perhaps ten years older than the head of General Atomic, but he had the same air of youthful enthusiasm. He offered me a chair, and I asked him to give me the lowdown on Convair—Astronautics. "The name 'astronautics' was chosen for the section because Convair believes there is a field of new business in space vehicles," he said gravely. "I don't mean necessarily the moon ship or the Venus ship—although eventually, of course, it will come to that, too. I include the problem we're preoccupied with right now—the Atlas. Building that missile is our present job, but there isn't one of the two thousand or so scientists and engineers in the division who isn't looking beyond to higher things. Higher—and farther."

Ehricke said he supposed I knew that the Atlas had been test-fired twice at Cape Canaveral, Florida—on last June 11th, and again on September 25th—and that in each case it had

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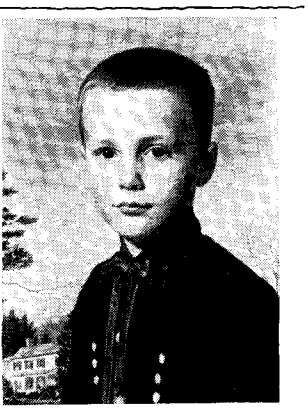

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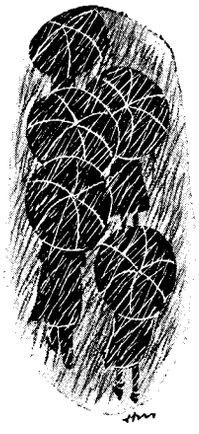
blown up, or been detonated, soon after takeoff. Even so, he said, he and his colleagues considered the Atlas problem largely licked; they had progressed from the theoretical to the experimental phase of the project, and it was now just a matter of de-bugging. (On December 17th, some time after my talk with Ehricke, the Atlas was finally fired successfully.) "If the thing had gone over the whole course the first time, I'd have said it was nothing more than a lucky accident," he said. "The V-2 didn't work right away, either. The first one exploded on the test stand at Peenemünde. The second went a few hundred feet up, then fell back. The third got through the sonic barrier before exploding. The fourth did well enough, but from the fifth to the tenth they were all rather bad. And so on. An experience like that makes you immune to discouragement over test failures."

At Convair—Astronautics, Ehricke directs an "advanced-systems study group" that is interested chiefly in space travel. "I expect we'll have done a good deal with Venus before we get to Mars," he said. I asked why, and he looked at me shrewdly. "Cheaper," he replied. "Venus is farther away, true, but on the trip there you fall toward the sun, instead of bucking its gravitational field, as you do on the trip to Mars. Secondly, Venus is bigger, and therefore its own gravitational attraction is stronger. It pays to figure your costs pretty closely on these things. To make a hundred pounds of rocket escape from the earth's gravitational pull, you need twelve or fifteen thousand pounds of propellant, and that stuff is expensive. Of course, I'm talking about a one-way trip—an unmanned vehicle. For the round trip, the Martian trip would be somewhat cheaper than the Venusian one. And, needless to say, we're thinking beyond unmanned vehicles," he added. Then, in a tone rather like that of a corporate officer addressing a group of security analysts, he said, "Convair expects to make a strong bid for markets in transportation to and from these and other planets. Indeed, I may say that we are extremely enthusiastic about the possibilities in this field."



Ehricke took a surreptitious glance at his watch, and I suspected that it was time for him to orbit out again. I thanked him and said goodbye. While waiting for an elevator to take me down to Park Avenue, where I could get an earth vehicle home, I asked my guide about the chances of meeting General Dynamics' president sometime. "If you want to talk to Frank Pace for more than two and a half minutes running, don't call on him at his office," he replied. "If you do, it's a good bet that before you've finished shaking hands, either the phone will ring or he'll remember that he has to be off to San Diego or Texas or somewhere."

I DID want to see Pace for more than two and a half minutes, and it was on a plane that I eventually caught him. The plane, a twin-engine Convair-340, was a regularly scheduled airliner flying from LaGuardia Field to Rochester early one bright morning in mid-November. Pace's destination was a meeting of the General Dynamics board of management, which was to be held at the Stromberg-Carlson Division. The board of management is a seventeen-man affair, consisting of the heads of the company's various divisions and a few highly placed members of the headquarters staff, and it convenes once a month in New York, at one of the branch headquarters, or at some plant that General Dynamics owns. The main purpose of the meetings is to screen problems for presentation at the next session of the board of directors, which is customarily held a day later. Pace, as it happens, is not a member of the board of management, but I'd been told that he would be on hand to conduct this meeting as a fill-in for its chairman—Earl D. Johnson, executive vice-president of General Dynamics—who was unable to attend. I'd also been told that Pace was taking American Airlines Flight 727, leaving LaGuardia at eight-twenty, and would be willing to spare me some time en route. So I bought a ticket for the same flight, and, on the morning of the trip, struggled out of bed in the blackness of six-thirty and took a cab out to the airport.

The board of management, it occurred to me, would probably have plenty to talk about. For one thing, the newspapers had recently carried reports on at least three new and startling developments in the affairs of General Dynamics. One of these was the latest exploit of the Nautilus—a five-and-a-half-day excursion under the arctic ice pack, dur-

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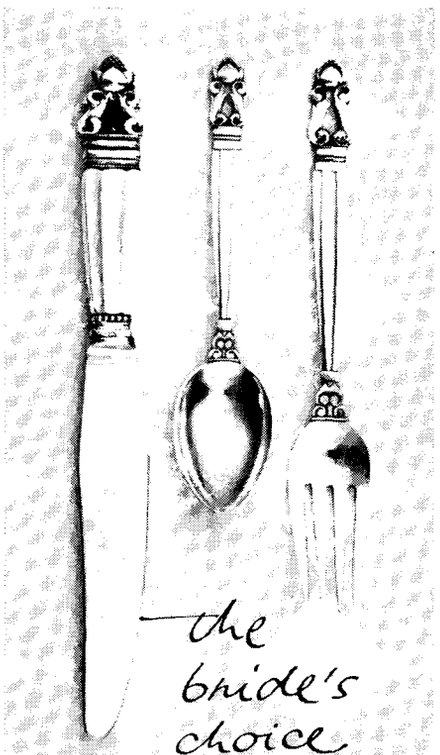

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ing which the submarine reached a point only a hundred and eighty nautical miles from the North Pole. ("It was real comfortable," a crew member was quoted as saying.) Another was a financial report on General Dynamics' operations for the first nine months of 1957: net sales of well over a billion dollars, or more than the company took in during the whole of 1956. The third was a statement by President Eisenhower that the supersonic Convair bomber, the B-58, was scheduled to supersede the Boeing B-52 in the U. S. Air Force. Not even Convair had known or expected this, and a controversy had arisen over whether the President had given out some genuine news or had made a mistake; nobody seemed to know—or, at least, to be willing to say.

I got to the airport flight desk about three minutes ahead of Pace. I recognized him as he came striding along and went up and introduced myself. "Let's climb in and get ourselves a seat," he said, with a pronounced Southwestern drawl. I followed him into the plane, where he took a window seat and waved me to the seat beside him.

Pace is forty-five years old and over six feet tall, but he looks both younger and shorter. In spite of a hairline that is receding at the temples, he manages to convey the impression of a college athlete specializing in non-contact sports; he also manages to convey the impression of a man attempting to hide an extremely sharp mind under a ready smile and an affable manner. As a matter of fact, he is an enthusiastic and talented golf, tennis, and squash player (he was Arkansas Invitational Golf Champion in 1937 and tennis champion of the Congressional Country Club in 1947, 1948, and 1949), and the statistics of his career attest to a degree of intellectual precocity that, while nothing to give Dr. de Hoffmann serious competition, is nevertheless striking. Pace graduated from high school in Little Rock, Arkansas, his home town, at the age of fourteen; from Princeton, after an interim stint at The Hill School, at twenty; and from Harvard Law School at twenty-three. He then almost immediately became an Assistant District Attorney in Arkansas, and in a couple of years' time was appointed general counsel for the Arkansas Department of Revenue. After serving in the war as an officer in the Air Transport Command, he went to work in Washington, first as a tax assistant to the Attorney General, then as executive assistant to Postmaster General Robert Hannegan, and then, in 1949, as Director of the Budget. The

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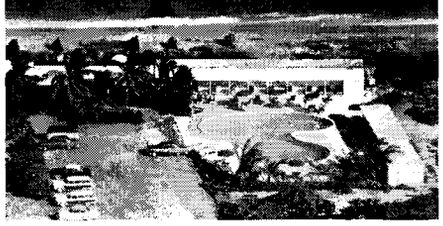

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first, and only, fiscal year he drew up a budget for was 1951, and the Treasury came through with a surplus of three and a half billion dollars. By that time, though, Pace was long gone from the Bureau of the Budget, having been appointed Secretary of the Army in March, 1950. In that job, it became his unnerving duty, as a grizzled veteran of thirty-eight, to go to Korea with the mission of telling General MacArthur that Truman had fired him. MacArthur had already got the bad news by grapevine before Pace's arrival, but Pace had to confirm it and explain it. Having come through that *mauvais quart d'heure* all right, Pace stayed on as Secretary of the Army until the Eisenhower administration took over, and then joined General Dynamics as executive vice-president. He was elected president last May, just one day after Hopkins had been reported critically ill at Georgetown University Hospital and two days before Hopkins died. Things move fast in billion-dollar businesses, and their boards of directors hate to leave them without a helmsman, even over a weekend.

As we climbed on course, crossing the Hudson and then the Watchung Mountains of New Jersey, I had difficulty keeping my eyes open, but Pace—who had probably got up considerably earlier than I that morning, since he lives in Greenwich—was clear-eyed and alert, looking down at the fleeing landscape and commenting with mild proprietary pride on the wide windows of the Convair plane. I asked him to tell me something about his normal round of life. Well, he said, getting aboard an early plane like this was a pretty normal way for him to start a day; he is lucky if he is able to spend half his nights in Greenwich during any given month, and a good deal of his time away from home is passed in planes—regularly scheduled planes when his destination is a city large enough to have airline service, and small company planes when it isn't. In the course of a year, he told me, he probably visits Rochester five or six times, San Diego (Convair and General Atomic) eight or nine times, Montreal (Canadair) anywhere from twelve to twenty times, and Groton (Electric Boat) ten times. Inevitably, he went on, giving me a slightly ironic glance, Electro Dynamic—in Bayonne, and therefore only half an hour by taxi from his office—is the one division that he visits only three or four times a year. "I don't know yet where I'll have to go on Liquid Carbonic," he said. "It has plants all over the place—forty in the

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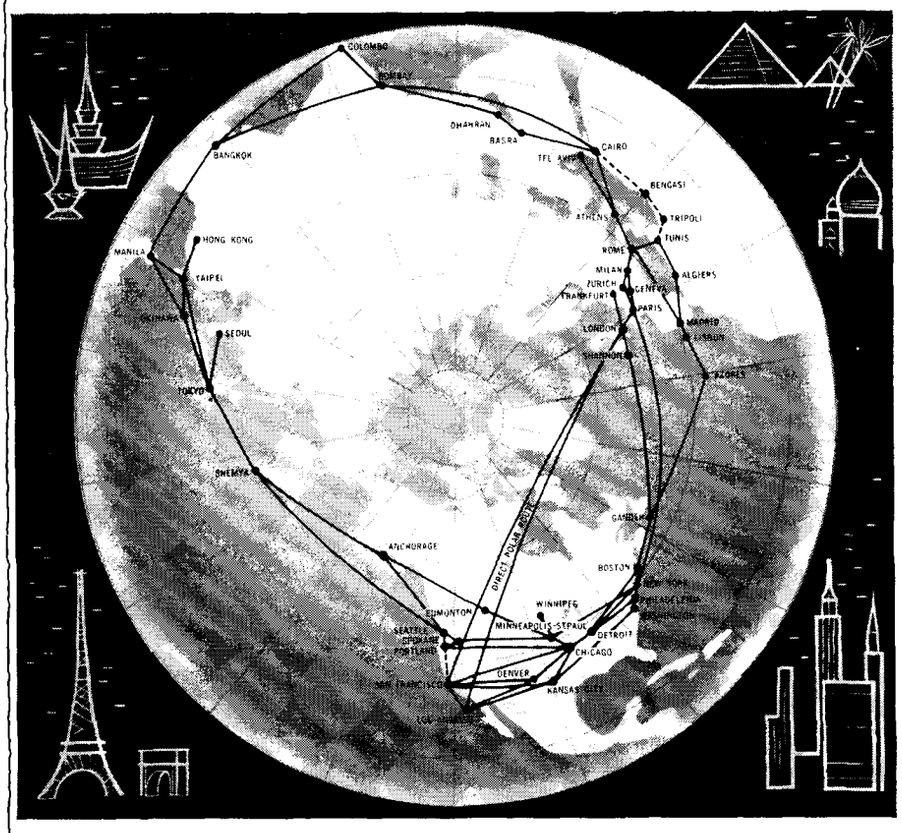

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United States, thirteen in Canada, ten in South America, four in Mexico, two in Jamaica, and one each in Cuba and Trinidad. What's more, it's planning five new ones—three in the United States, one in Canada, and one in Brazil. Where I go depends on where problems appear. Those trips I've mentioned, of course, are all just the routine ones. On top of that, you've got to add special trouble-shooting trips, and business trips abroad—three or four of them a year. Right now, I'm just back from Japan—International Golf Association championship matches for the International Trophy and the Canada Cup."

I inquired whether that, too, had been a business trip, and Pace nodded. "Jay Hopkins personally founded the I.G.A. and was chairman of it at the time of his death," he explained. "Since then, I've become chairman, and General Dynamics has taken over sponsoring it. Seem odd to you for a company like this one to be sponsoring a golfing association? Well, it isn't. The I.G.A.'s a relatively limited expenditure, and it's definitely sound business. Our sponsorship of it gives us a progressive aspect abroad. We expect our business, especially in atomic reactors, to be increasingly worldwide. What better way to get together with people overseas than through golf? Golf is a particularly international game."

While I was pondering the possibilities of golf as an interplanetary game, too, the stewardess brought us a light second breakfast. Pace grinned amiably at her as he accepted it. He gave every impression of being a perfectly contented man, but as I reflected on his almost endless round of plane trips, conferences, and business banquets, I began to feel a little sorry for him. He seemed to read my thoughts. "About this travelling business," Pace continued slowly, as he sipped his coffee. "When I left the government, I thought I was going to be able to spend more time at home with my wife and children. Matter of fact, that was one of the things I had in mind when I decided to take the step. Well, it hasn't worked out that way. In this job, what it comes down to is that about the only time I can pretty well—but not always—count on being at home is over weekends. As I look back on it, between the Air Force and government work and this, I've been home very little in the past fifteen years. It's been a nomadic life. If I had my druther, I druther not do it. But you can't stay home and handle a job like this one."

Outside the window, several thousand feet below us, lay the Pocono Mountains, a little autumn color still showing in their foliage. Here and there, a deep mountain lake sparkled. I imagined that such scenery, from such a vantage point, must have lost much of its magic for Pace, but he stared down at it intently for a long time. When he finally turned away from the window, I asked him how he managed to stand the gaff, and he replied that he did it by keeping in shape through athletics. "I play golf on my travels, tennis at home, squash in New York," he said. "Golf is the easiest way to relax on business trips. Tennis—three sets of singles at a time, but not too *hard* singles. I play well within myself. As for the squash, any time I'm in town during the winter and have forty-five minutes, I call up the pro—I mean the assistant pro—at the University Club, which is only five blocks from my office, and go over there and whack a ball. I'm kind of proud of my squash. Six years ago, when I was still in Washington, I took on the Number One cadet squash player at West Point. Beat him, too." Pace thought a minute, and then smiled. "Better not take that feat too seriously," he said. "It was nothing but a friendly match—no blood on the moon. And that young fellow might just possibly have had it in mind that the guy he was playing was, after all, Secretary of the Army."

Abruptly, Pace switched from athletics to the conduct of affairs at General Dynamics. "Our New York headquarters is relatively very small," he said. "Only about a hundred people in all, and the decision-making vested in thirty or so. We want to keep it that way. We want to take advantage of the experience of others. Most large companies, after moving from a small central organization to a large one, have decentralized again. We want to cut out the middle step, if we can. That doesn't mean we don't intend to grow by further mergers, though. We do. We've got an eye out all the time for likely acquisitions. To be a candidate for the Dynamics family, a company must have some relation to an area in which we're already operating, it must be of substantial size, it must have first-rate current management—good executives are the scarcest commodity going—and it must be in a growth field. In other words, a *dynamic* company."

The plane was losing altitude now; through the window I could see the city

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of Rochester and, beyond it, the gray expanse of Lake Ontario. There were patches of snow on the ground, reminding me that this was a sterner climate than New York's; I surmised that people like Pace, who are continually moving from snow country to balmy country and back without batting an eye, must develop some sort of systemic thermostat. "In a company as diversified as ours, the great temptation for headquarters is to become distracted by favorite toys—pets," Pace remarked as he fastened his seat belt. "Missiles, say, or atomic energy. It's a temptation that must be resisted. You've got to keep your attention firmly fixed on the major problem areas."

A moment later, the plane landed smoothly. Pace hurried out of the plane and was met by a covey of Stromberg-Carlson men. Then, striding purposefully, their minds no doubt fixed on major problem areas, the whole group made their way to a large black car, climbed into it, and were whisked off to the board-of-management meeting. I followed in a cab.

MY reading about General Dynamics and its ramifications had given me a special interest in Stromberg-Carlson, which, I gathered, was a proud old company, and probably quite typical of the many proud old companies that, overtaken by this era's wave of big-business mergers, have lately come under the hegemony of outside corporate managements. Founded in 1894, the firm at first manufactured nothing but telephone equipment—pioneering enough, in those days—and it subsequently kept well in the vanguard of commercial scientific development by branching out into radio and television. Now second only to Eastman Kodak as Rochester's largest industry, it has lately taken to producing various wares of a sort amply esoteric enough to tempt Pace to make a pet of it—air-traffic-control equipment, components of electronic brains, parts for guided-missile systems, sound systems for submarines (including the Nautilus), and automation devices. Pace revealed his admiration for the Rochester plant when he declared in a speech a while back that "no portion of General Dynamics has grown correspondingly as fast as Stromberg-Carlson." This spectacular growth has by no means been based solely upon sales to manufacturers of electronic brains, guided missiles, and such. Although shortly after becoming a part of General Dynamics, Stromberg-Carlson gave up making table radios, television

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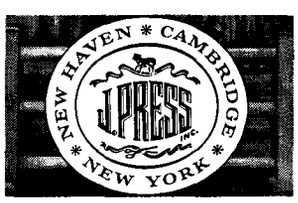

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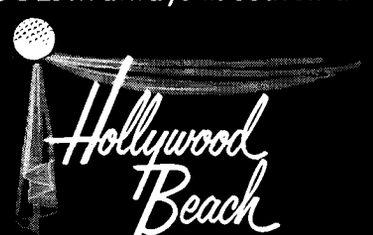

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sets, and all other electronic devices for the home except high-fidelity radio-phonographs and parts, it has remained loyal to its original specialty, and is today the nation's second-biggest supplier of equipment to the approximately forty-three hundred independent, or non-Bell, telephone companies that, operating mostly in rural sections, serve about two-thirds of the United States; in the past few years, these companies have been switching over to dial systems, and Stromberg-Carlson's production lines have been fairly smoking as they ground out homey, humble dial telephones and switchboards. Whether or not this activity contributes to a comprehensive exploration of the basic forces of the universe, it turns a neat profit.

Before coming to Rochester, I had made an appointment with Stanley H. Manson, Stromberg-Carlson's director of public relations. Like many other Stromberg-Carlson people, he has lived in Rochester and has been with the company for years; as an additional tie, he is the son of Ray H. Manson, a former president of the firm. A kindly, talkative, low-pressure man in his early fifties, he was waiting for me on Carlson Road, near Stromberg-Carlson's General Administration and Telecommunications Division—a complex of perhaps eight buildings in which the old and the new are thrown into striking contrast. As I got out of the cab, I saw in front of me a long, low structure of faded red brick, topped by smokestacks and with gray-green ivy clinging to its walls—the sort of industrial building that used to arouse the righteous wrath of Upton Sinclair; one small section of this building, which dates from 1929, formerly housed the company's executive offices, but most of it served, and still does serve, as the telephone-equipment factory. To my right was the new administration building, opened just last June—smaller than the factory and equally low-slung but with gleaming lemon-yellow walls relieved by large expanses of glass. Manson led me into this svelte structure through a couple of electric-eye doors. We passed through a large, fancy reception room, and then down a hallway flanked by executive offices decorated in pastel shades. All the offices stood open to the passerby except one, whose closed door bore a large, forbidding sign: "RESTRICTED AREA." The board of management of the General Dynamics Corporation was in conference inside, Manson said. We then stopped in at the old telephone-parts factory next door, where workers were assembling telephone equipment; a boy and a girl—both, I judged, barely twenty—were sitting close together on a bench and soldering a switchboard with such evident happiness that I decided the Sinclair conception of life on a production line was a thing of the past, at least at Stromberg-Carlson. Next, we got into Manson's car to drive out to Electronics Center, where more up-to-the-minute products are turned out and where research for keeping them up to the minute is carried on. Here I saw a contrivance called Tacan, which gives an airplane pilot the distance and bearing to a ground base in a matter of seconds; something called the Vocoder, which takes apart a transmitted voice, analyzes it, and puts it back together again; and a third, called the Charactron, which Manson described as "a cathode-ray tube capable of displaying thirty thousand alpha-numeric characters a second" (I decided not to press him further about that), making it all but indispensable in radar-surveillance and electronic computing systems.

After I had glimpsed these wonders, Manson suggested that we go over to the Genesee Valley Club for a spot of lunch. On the way, he enthusiastically pointed out various Rochester landmarks—the Hiram Sibley house, the George Eastman house, and so on. Once, we passed an elderly couple driving in the opposite direction, and Manson exchanged casual waves with them. "My father and mother," he said to me. "Father came up through the company ranks—engineer, then engineering vice-president, then president, and finally chairman of the board. He retired in 1955."

During lunch, Manson fell to talking about Stromberg-Carlson through the years he has known it—first as the son of one of its high executives, then as an executive himself. It struck me that he spoke of it always as an independent entity—and in relation to Rochester, rather than to General Dynamics—and this prompted me to ask how the company, from his point of view, had been affected by the merger. He nodded, as if acknowledging that the question was a familiar one. "Very little," he said. "We gained a plant—the Convair electronics setup in San Diego was turned over to us—and we

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lost a hard job. By that I mean we don't have to get out an annual report any more—only a section of the General Dynamics report. Otherwise, things are very much the same. The New York people have been very nice about the whole thing."

After lunch, I returned with Manson to the administration building, arriving just in time to see the members of the board of management, headed by Pace, trooping down the corridor from the executive lunchroom toward the restricted area. Manson pointed out Robert Tait, his father's successor as president of Stromberg-Carlson—a giant of a man, about six feet four—and General McNarney, of Convair. Without help, I spotted Dean, looking serious and thoughtful, and Dr. de Hoffmann, looking like someone's grandson. When the managers had disappeared behind the door, I said I had better be getting back to New York, and Manson volunteered to drive me to the airport. Outside the building, he pointed to a curtained window in its front wall. "That's the room they're meeting in," he said. "I wonder whether the next item on the agenda is missiles, atomic subs, reactors, or automation. Or maybe it's the next quarterly dividend." I wondered, too, and, glancing down the street at the old red factory, I couldn't help wondering also whether General Dynamics will still be quaintly turning out dial telephones for earthly use when its first, and cheaper, space vehicle lands on Venus.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

If I told you that it is possible for you to look from five to ten years older a year from now, would you believe me? —*Josephine Lowman in the San Diego Tribune.*

Yep.

•

CORRECTION: In last week's recipe for Souffle Glace, where egg yolks are specified, substitute "egg whites," and where whites are specified, use egg yolks instead. Sorry.—*The Post.*

Never mind the apologies; help us clean up this mess!

•

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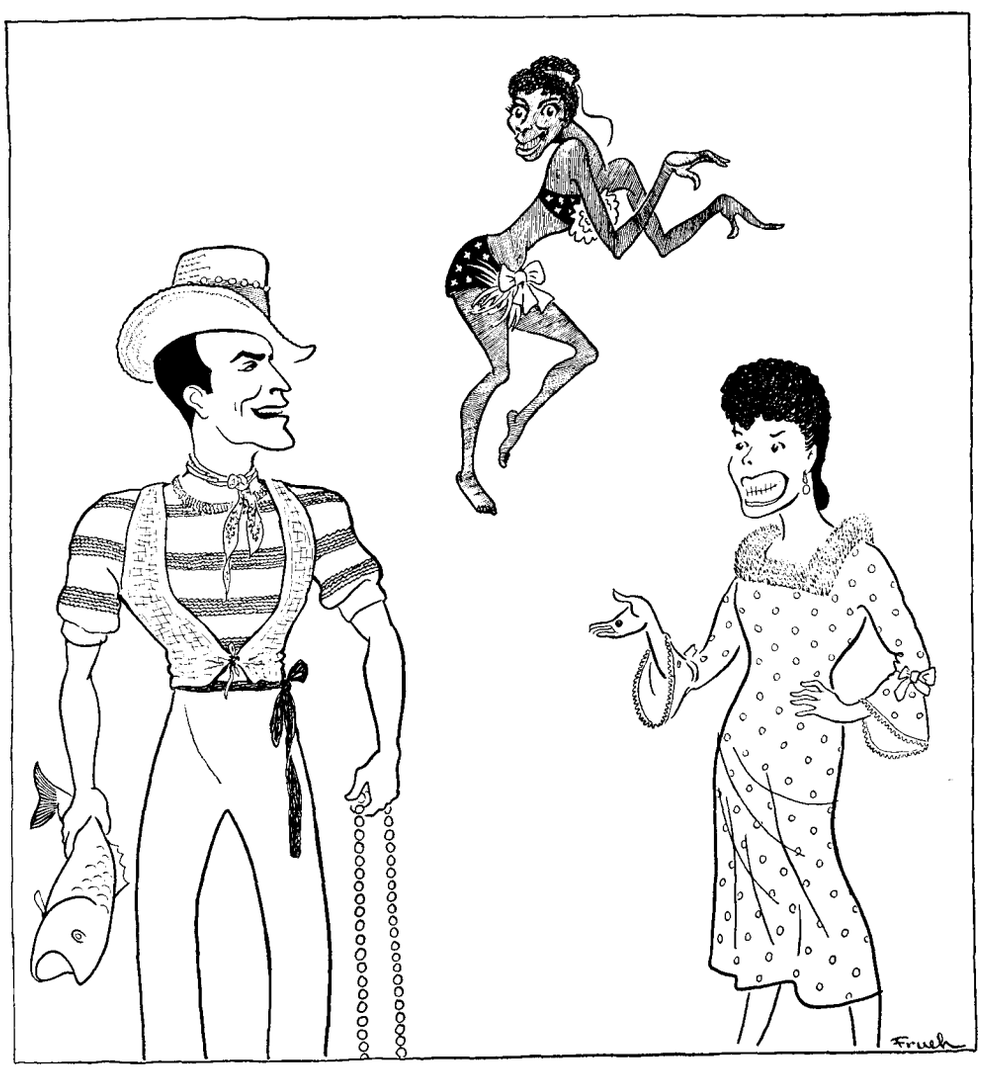
THE THEATRE

TRIPLE-THREAT MAN

TWICE in my life, for reasons that escape me now, though I'm sure they were discreditable, I allowed myself to be persuaded that I ought to take a hand in turning out a musical comedy. Both these ventures reached Broadway, though my connection with them had ceased long before that, and both closed with inconceivable rapidity. A writer, I suppose, discovers the limits of his talent only through a system of trial and error, and, whatever else I may have learned from these two fiascoes, I came away from them knowing surely and forever that this particular form of art was not for me. This intelligence, in addition to serving a useful purpose—there is too little time for a man to waste any of it on lost causes—produced in me a feeling of nearly perfect detachment. It is an embarrassing fact that I seldom see a straight play, either a comedy or a drama, without the conviction that if I had been asked, I could have provided the author with several very valuable suggestions. A musical, however, is quite another matter. I have no idea how the damn things get there in the first place—by what weird midnight prodigies of collaboration—and I certainly have no coherent advice to offer anyone about fixing things up, being comparatively accomplished only in the construction of English sentences, a knack approximately as useful in these entertainments as the ability to knit.

This lack of the writer's habitual nagging instinct to improve, coupled with an indifference to the form as a means of personal expression, makes me, of course, the practically ideal (or totally disembodied) critic of all musical comedies, and we will proceed immediately to the one called "The Music Man," which is now turning thousands away from the box office at the Majestic. This piece, the all but unassisted work of Meredith Willson, who contrived the book, the music, and the lyrics, received about the most remarkable set of notices in my memory, being greeted by one stunned worshipper as one of the three most exhilarating experiences he had undergone in the theatre in twenty-six years, and by his colleagues as an offering comparing very favorably with "Oklahoma!," "Guys and Dolls," "My Fair Lady," and almost anything else you care to name. I myself have nothing against "The Music Man," regarding it, in fact, as an exceptionally cheerful offering, but it is not as good as all that.

As a composer, Mr. Willson, who was once a flutist with John Philip Sousa and has clearly never overcome his deep original passion for marching bands, has achieved a score that is distinguished chiefly by fine, swinging, brassy numbers that ought to enchant any musical taste, from the most primitive on up. There are, naturally, sentimental songs in their suitable places, and a barbershop quartet is occasionally employed to excellent comic effect, but Mr. Willson's heart really belongs to the horns and drums, and his work with them is—well, stupendous. As his own lyricist, he is again rather more successful when he is writing words to which people can go stomping around the stage ("Seventy Six Trombones," "Wells Fargo Wagon," "Pickalittle") than he is when he is asked to speak



"JAMAICA"

The West Indian dandy equipped with the fish and the pearls is Ricardo Montalban; the young lady in what amounts to a Mother Hubbard is Lena Horne; and the other, up on top, is Josephine Premice. They all appear in the musical at the Imperial.

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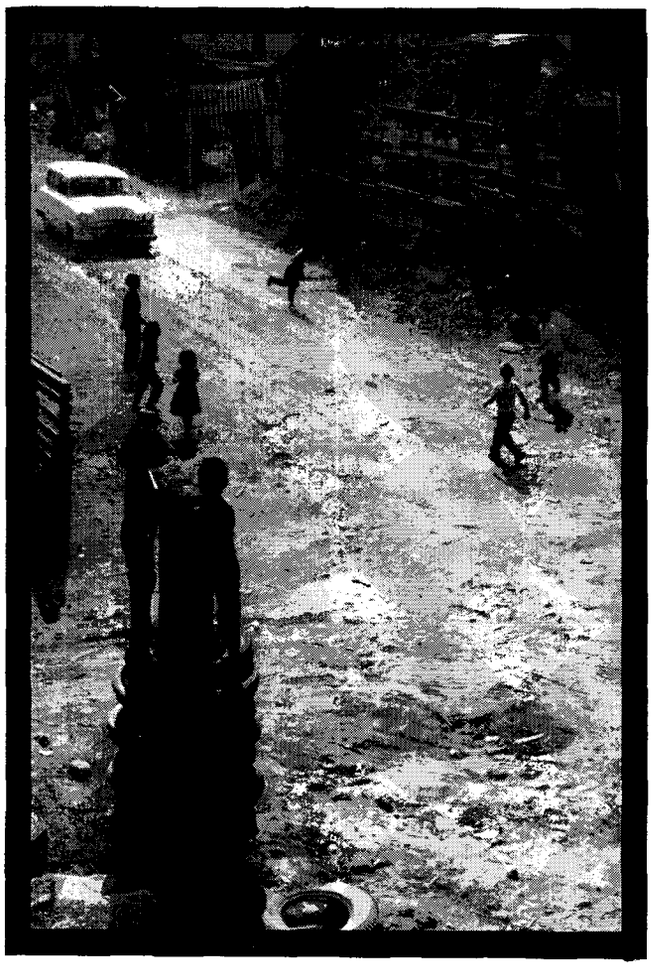

"GET-OUT-IF-YOU-CAN!"

It was only an ordinary street light, but the enchanted people of the dark slum gazed upon it with joy and wonderment, for they had put it there . . .

But that was later. The town and its people had been there a long time.

A town really *is* its people.

The people had rolling, rhythmic names . . . like Juan, Diego, Fernando. Some of their ancestors, illustriously stealing a march on the Pilgrims, had found Mexico and founded California. And their poetic names bedeck landmarks throughout the State.

But the town was a rathole. It wasn't really a town, only an isolated ghetto section on the east side of a central California city, rat-ridden, disease-prone, captured by dirt and poverty. Its residents—the modern inheritors of the rhythmic names – had a sardonic name for their community. They called it *Sal-Si-Puedes!* Which means "Get-Out-If-You-Can!"

In the lovelier sections of the city, some had an explanation for this. They were apt to sigh and regret that Mexican-Americans "just didn't care how they lived." As one leading citizen said: "Give those people a thousand dollars and they would still live like that."

But Fred Ross was convinced that nobody could actually enjoy living in a slum. The tall, scholarly director of the California Federation for Civic Unity couldn't give anyone a thousand dollars – not on his modest subsidy from the American Friends Service Committee. Nevertheless, like a good neighbor, he came calling on the folks in Get-Out-If-You-Can! And he brought something much more important than money – an active faith in the American tradition.

His was not a quick or easy way. Alone at first, fighting against fear, distrust, apathy, Fred Ross trudged along the pitiful rows of shabby houses and lean-tos, talking, talking, talking . . .

"Take a look. Rats running through your yards and homes. Unpaved roads. Dangerously poor sewage disposal. A garbage situation that's unbelievable. Why?"

A young lumber worker at last provided an opening for the answer Ross was bursting to give. "Once," the lumber worker recalled, "I took a bunch of petitions down to the Courthouse for paved streets, street lights, gas, storm drains, all that stuff. They didn't take it seriously."

Ross pounced. "I also went to the Courthouse. I counted the Spanish names on the voters' registration list. Sixteen hundred of a possible 21,000. Do you know that in America the government governs only with the consent – and desires – of the governed? Suppose we all got busy and registered three or four times that many to vote? Suppose – ?"

It didn't happen all at once. But soon Ross found himself the catalyst that activated a Catholic priest, a Mexican-American nurse, two laborers and others. There was a memorable mass meeting, resulting in formation of the non-profit, non-partisan Community Service Organization. Its goal – to get out the vote, develop a civic identity and purpose, to form a community in the American tradition.

Sociologists had politely complicated names for the problems of *Sal-Si-Puedes* – depressed income, cultural lags, lingual barriers, inter-cultural tensions, social apathy, intergroup hostility and lots more.

The self-help pioneers of the CSO in *Sal-Si-Puedes* pitched in with a small vocabulary and a whale of a lot of enthusiasm. In ten weeks, working evenings, spending 3,000 man-hours, wondering, hoping, they registered 4,000 voters to put little, lost *Sal-Si-Puedes* on the political map at City Hall and the Courthouse.

The magic of getting results didn't happen all at once. But it started even during the door-to-door voters registration drive. Ditchdiggers ended perennial flood hazards by repairing Silver Creek, and factory refuse dumping in the creek was forbidden. Paving crews made miles of muddy roads passable. Playgrounds sprouted on shabby sand lots. Traffic control signs appeared. Newspapers began to report happenings in *Sal-Si-Puedes;* and its leaders were invited to join the PTA, to speak before clubs across the tracks.

Then one day, providing assurance for the women who had to be out after dark, cutting the mortality rate for children crossing the street, pushing back the grim shadows of a century, the first street light came.

And the enchanted people of the dark slum gazed upon it with joy and wonderment, for they had put it there.

Fred Ross and the people who considered it important for him to bring his "civic betterment" philosophy to the people of Get-Out-If-You-Can! exemplify the countless instances in which Americans carry on the principled action-program of Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln in twentieth century America.

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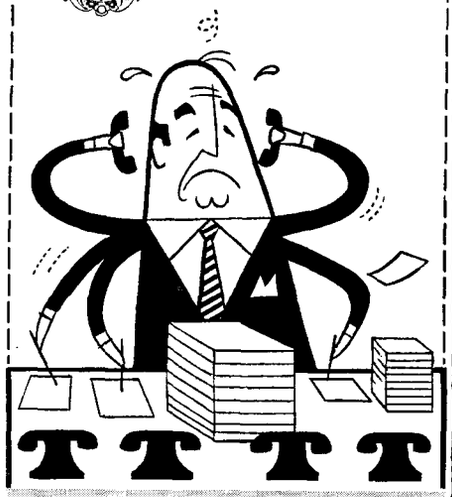

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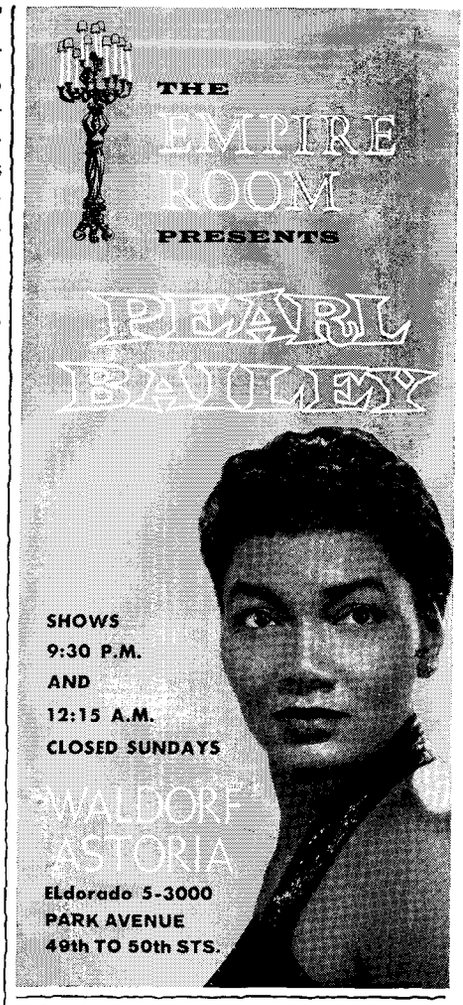
of love ("Till There Was You," "Will I Ever Tell You?," "Goodnight My Someone"). As a librettist, he is somewhat like Booth Tarkington in his loving regard for the American Middle West in the early years of the century and somewhat like the author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in his basic plot structure, since "The Music Man" has to do with a genial crook who mends his ways through the influence of a virtuous woman, the protagonists in this case being a peddler of nonexistent musical instruments and uniforms and the custodian of the local library. Altogether, it is a rousing, sentimental, highly professional show, a little short on verbal humor, perhaps ("I don't want to hear another poop out of you"), but otherwise most agreeable to the eye and ear, and certainly a welcome change from the semi-operatic renderings of semi-classical dramas that in recent years have disguised themselves far too often as musical comedies. Unlike most of my fellow art experts, I doubt very much whether an epic has really been visited upon us, but this is the extent of my disagreeableness for the moment.

The star of "The Music Man" is Robert Preston, who, except for a couple of revivals, has been previously featured on Broadway only in such trolls' work as "His and Hers," "The Tender Trap," and "Janus." There is no more comforting condition than omniscience, and I would like to be able to say that Mr. Preston's ability was apparent to me from the moment I first saw him. The fact is, however, that as I watched him going about his grisly employment (I didn't see him in the revivals), it never occurred to me that he was anything much more than just another actor. I was mistaken. Mr. Preston sings slightly better than Rex Harrison (he actually sings the few notes that lie within his range and merely opens and shuts his mouth the rest of the time), and his agility is greater, but, on the whole, his musical-comedy equipment is negligible. It doesn't matter at all. He has the two top things demanded by the stage—infallible technique and a unique personality—and these, in combination with a wonderfully picturesque role, make his performance one of the season's memorable events. As the young lady who sees to it that he really does outfit the local bugle corps (I'm not at all sure this was a good thing), Barbara Cook is demurely attractive and sufficiently melodious for two, and there are pleasant, talented contribu-



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tions by David Burns, Pert Kelton, Iggie Wolfington, Dusty Worrall, and four gentlemen named Al Shea, Wayne Ward, Vern Reed, and Bill Spangenberg, who are prepared to sing "Good Night, Ladies" in close harmony on no provocation whatsoever. The dances, which I assume to be characteristic of Iowa in 1912, were staged by Onna White; similarly characteristic sets and costumes were designed by Howard Bay and Raoul Pène duBois, in the order named; and Morton Da Costa directed—very well, too, it seemed from where I sat.

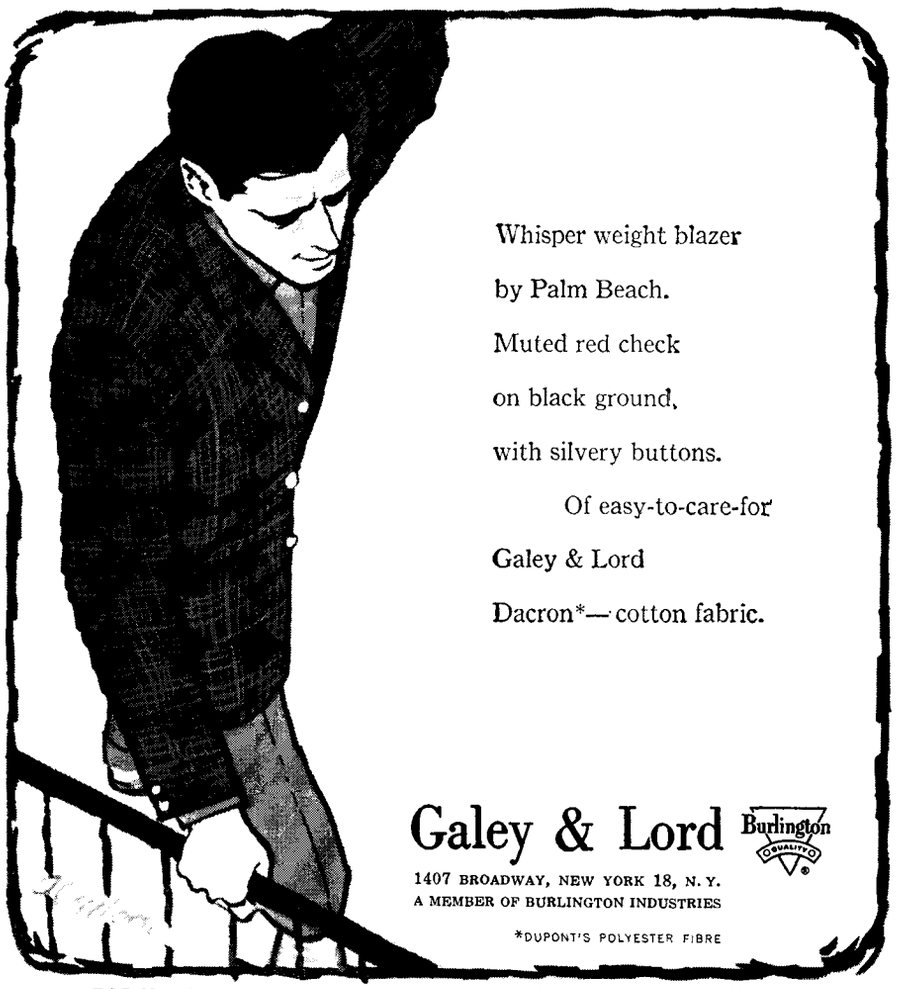
—Wolcott Gibbs

•

THE GIFT

Who gives us such winter,
Where alchemic trees turn spiny
Logicians for metaphoric winds
To be impaled on, where pale
Silk sun rustles over waxed snow,
And birds pebble through Gothic
Skies, from which cowled dusks
Drop like lead?
The children,
Who, each morning,
Snap the deadly chrysalis night
Spins us in: Kneading the barking,
Brittle floors, crumpling the
Mailed air that camps about the
House, shouting loose the stones of
Snow that crash from walls of
Jericho. A fugue of gulls, they
Scavenge morning from the hump-
Backed fields, and at noon burst the
Door, letting the red-wolf wind leap
To death down the hall—snowdevils,
Snowmen, snowghosts, scooping puddles
To stand in, as if the rug were
Mud and they were spring. Later,
After they break the Hessian waves—
And drop, like wild, mortal windmills,
Into the silent, musketing snow—
We track them to the pond, crushing
The glass slippers they leave
Behind, and there—one yellow,
One red—they wobble the thickset
Dark, like candles forcing the
Caves of night.
When the brassbound
Moon booms up the sky, they ride
The purple snow that advances in
The west and shape the icicles
That wound the air and threaten
Again to imprison the house. Then,
Their breath tarnishes the moon:
Snow
Clasps the iron trees, scales
The sliding wind, and banks them
Fast in hills of sleep.

—Whitney Balliett



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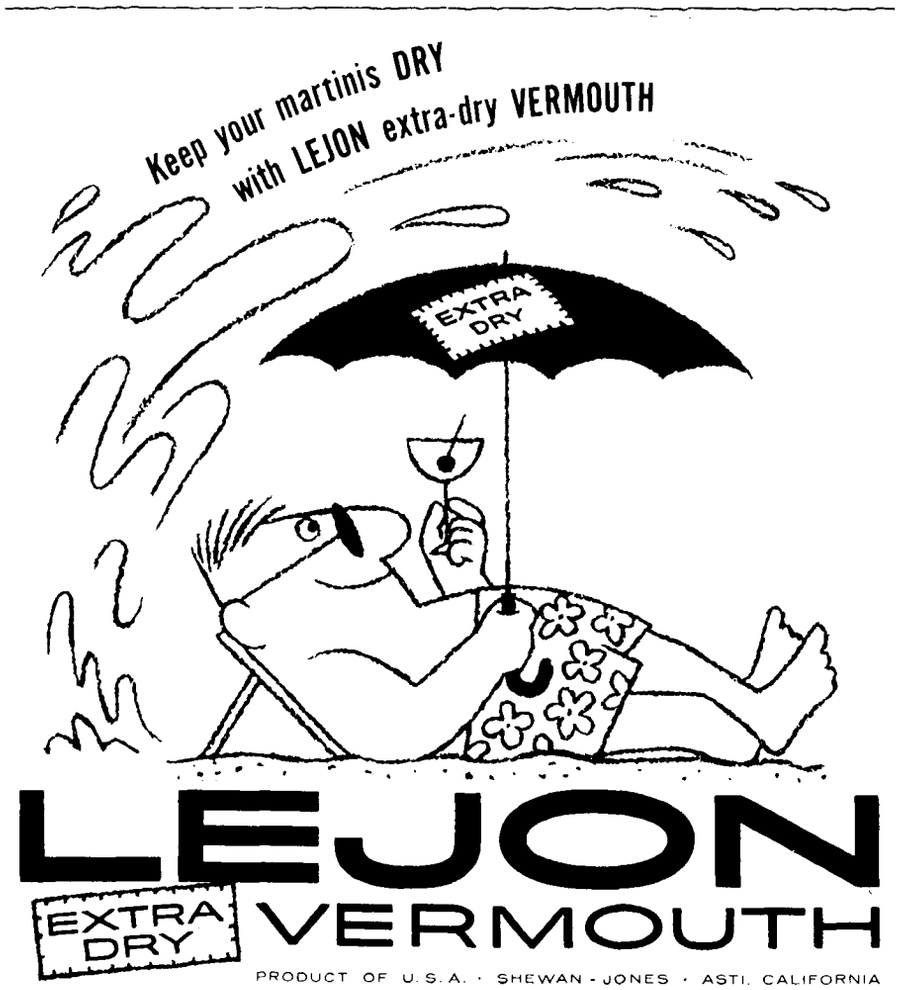

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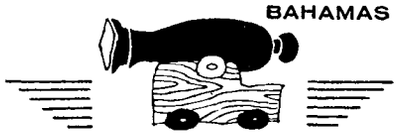

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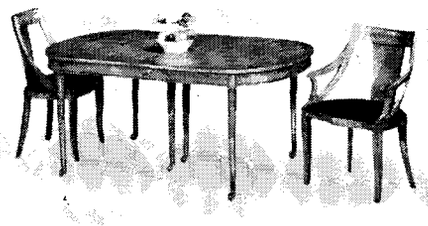

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 24

EVER since the time of Louis XIV, one of the traditional forms of Christmas Week entertainment for the bourgeois families of Paris has been to spend an evening at the Opéra, which was given its royal patent in 1669, or at the Comédie-Française, which was founded by Molière's troupe in 1680, or even to go to both—thus constituting, over the centuries, the biggest, least critical, most satisfied, and satisfying, French audiences of the year. Nobody expected to go to either this Christmastide, because both were doomed to be closed from December 22nd to January 3rd by a stagehands' strike for thirty per cent more pay and by the financial troubles of a semi-austere government, which offered merely a ten-per-cent raise. The sceneshifters announced their forthcoming holiday strike last Saturday afternoon, and by Saturday midnight all four national establishments—the strike extended to the two old state-supported secondary houses, the Opéra-Comique and the Salle Luxembourg—had put up a dignified sign on their locked doors reading, "Performances Suspended Until Further Notice." Because of the state's money shortage, there is even talk that the Opéra and the Comédie-Française—France's most illustrious theatres, and the pair that have really made the theatrical reputation of Paris—may have to remain shut indefinitely, which would be an international scandal infinitely costly to French prestige. Furthermore, the manager of the Folies-Bergère, which also counts considerably (possibly even more) in Paris's fame, has declared that the stagehands' wage boost he was forced to give this summer, or else close, thereby breaking the tourists' hearts, is so costly that he will probably have to bring out a cheaper, less sensuous type of show in 1958—another international disgrace for France.

This has been the most quarrelsome, agitated, peculiar Paris winter theatre season in memory, even aside from the state-stage troubles, which actually began in the autumn. In a real revolutionary gesture, the sceneshifters first struck on October 15th, a few hours before the projected reopening of the newly restored Théâtre de la Reine, at Versailles, where members of the Comédie and the Opéra were to participate in a fashionable gala featuring Molière's "Amphitryon" and "La Dame à la Licorne," a ballet by Jean Cocteau, with evening dress obligatory—though it would have seemed natural to the hard-shell royalists, aristocrats, and *beau monde* who had bought all the tickets. Being well known, most of them were warned in time to cancel their motorcar trek to Versailles and their midnight *soupers*, but a few wretched couples turned up in white tie and décolletage before the locked palace gates as part of this costly nocturnal fiasco for state and society. In spite of the billions of francs spent on the magnificent restoration of the Théâtre de la Reine, no second attempt has yet been made to open it. In Paris, meanwhile, the stagehands at first refused to raise the curtain for the Comédie's guest dress rehearsal of the unlucky "Amphitryon." On the official first night at the Comédie, nobody, including the critics, knew till eight o'clock whether the stagehands would put the show on, and another night, when no performance was allowed at all, though the house was sold out, the would-be audience spent an hour clamoring to get its money back. At the Opéra on one recent Wednesday night, which is its ballet night, the whole *corps de ballet* struck. The unrest and so-called surprise strikes naturally spread to other theatres' backstage workers, until the theatrical news in the papers was less about the theatres that were open than about those that had been closed. On Sunday, December 8th, because of surprise strikes, the customers got their money back at all four state theatres, and at the Folies-Bergère, the Athénée, the Hébertot, the Ambigu, and the Capucines as well. One newspaper ran a cartoon that depicted an actor in Louis XV costume, on a stage cluttered with ladders and paintpots, announcing to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen! If the stagehands weren't on strike, the décor would represent a sumptuous eighteenth-century salon."

The fifth state-subsidized theatre, the low-priced, avant-garde, politically Leftist Théâtre National Populaire, or T.N.P., at the Palais de Chaillot, has come off best, because its simple scenery

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consists mostly of curtains, lighting effects, and portable staircases, all of which are part of the inexpensive, experimental theories of its highly stylized actor-manager, Jean Vilar, who created its troupe, starring the cinema hero Gérard Philipe. A fortnight ago, after the stage was set for the opening performance of a revival of Pirandello's "Henry IV," Vilar's great role, the stagehands began unsetting the stage, thus declaring a strike. Pale as death—so a friend later reported—Vilar explained to them that he stood behind them in their demands for better pay, and then listed the student associations and groups of factory workers (which make up much of his following) expected that night, stressed the social importance of art for the people, and, upon the stagehands' remaining embarrassed but obdurate, strode from the stage, phoned the Minister of National Education and the Director of Arts and Letters, who are in charge of the state theatres, and handed in his resignation, to take effect in August. That night, "Henry IV" was played on a bare stage, with only the house lights on. Since then, whatever décor has been used on strike nights has been set up by the actors themselves.

Stagehands are accepted as permanent employees of state theatres here only after at least three years' experience on the boulevards and a working apprenticeship of twelve months in a state theatre; they put in a forty-hour week, including holidays and Sundays, and are paid a minimum of forty-four thousand francs a month, which is equivalent to a hundred and four dollars and sixty cents—certainly inadequate pay to meet the horribly high and still mounting French prices. However, the conservative *Figaro* has just declared primly that, at least at the Opéra and the Comédie, "What with working extra hours, the stagehands of the forty-four-thousand-franc category regularly earn from sixty thousand to sixty-five thousand francs a month"—which, of course, merely strengthens the impression that the basic forty-four thousand francs must not be enough. The state calculates that, to meet the sceneshifters' demands, it would have to add half a billion francs to the budget, which has just been passed in Parliament with difficulty and after great addlement.

Though the government and the public were well warned by the stagehands that the Christmas Week strike had been decided on, and though the government had said it would make a decision in time to settle things definitely

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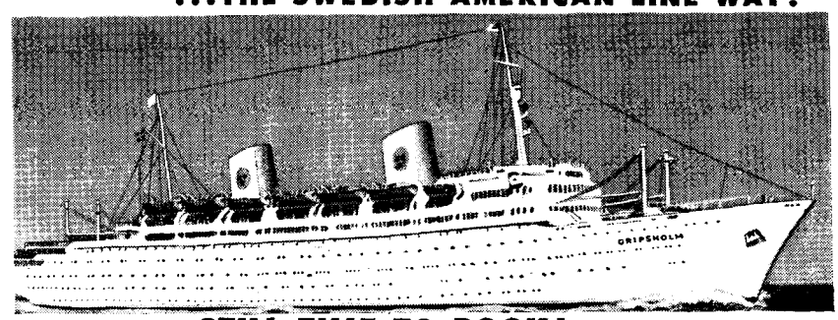

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and thus stop the strike, it announced nothing at all—not even that it had decided nothing at all. In any case, there seems no question that, as a state economy measure, the Opéra-Comique and the Salle Luxembourg will soon be shut down permanently. It is also clear that the actors and actresses of the Comédie's Salle Richelieu and Salle Luxembourg, who receive their full acting salaries only when they actually act, are now tired of being thrown out of work and deprived of their pay by the strikers. Yesterday afternoon, both troupes demanded authorization to give performances "in the best conditions possible, despite the lack of technical personnel"—i.e., without those stagehands—from Christmas Eve through New Year's Eve, the plan being for them to operate à la Vilar, setting the stages themselves, with screens, using one set of plain lights, and working without prompters in the box, the prompters having apparently struck, too. Just as these Molièresque thespians started ruggedly getting under way again, the French-radio people announced a two-day strike, including Christmas Day itself.

THE rest of the winter season's theatrical news is brief, violent, and equally informative about the present susceptible temper of the citizens and the general public confusion. Two months back, Jean-Louis Barrault staged an extra-whimsical comedy, "Histoire de Vasco," by Georges Schéhadé (having to do with a gentle little barber sent off to be killed in a war), which few audiences liked, which Barrault admired, and which the critics detested, especially Robert Kemp, of *Le Monde*, who wrote simply, "I execrate 'Vasco,' " and *Figaro's* Jean-Jacques Gautier, who wrote, even more simply, "Poor Barrault!," whereupon Barrault gave an angry interview to the smart weekly called *Arts*, in which he said, "The critics are assassinating me." The play was declared to be anti-patriotic and anti-Algerian war, and everybody in the theatre world jumped into the scandal, mostly by making scurrilous attacks on Gautier, the mildest of which was "He is like taxes—we are used to him." Others declared that, as the most powerful critic in Paris, who holds the box office in his hand, he could and would kill any intellectual play that he thought his conservative readers might not want to waste their money on.

Then *Figaro's* music critic, Bernard Gavoty, who writes under the name of Clarendon and had written a well-deserved unfavorable review of a Chopin

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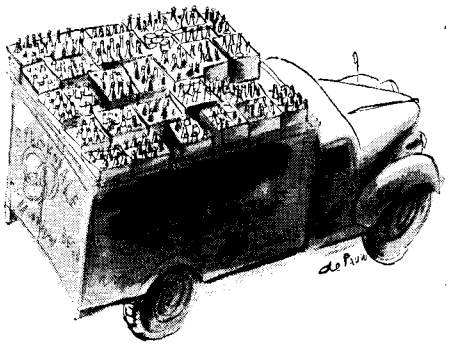
concert given by a Polish pianist, Stanislas Niedzielski, was boxed on the ear by the pianist as he sat peacefully at work, in the Salle Pleyel, listening to a baritone recital. The last thing Clarendon remembered before he was carried out, he said in his subsequent critique of the recital, was his delight at the baritone's rendering of "Der Erlkönig." (The pianist has since been charged with mayhem, and has given another poor Chopin recital.)

Then Alice Cocéa starred herself, at the Théâtre des Arts, in a play called "La Reine de Césarée," by the late Robert Brasillach, a collaborator with the Nazis who was condemned to death immediately after the Liberation—a time when guilty intellectuals were perhaps treated too hastily, and sturdier traitors allowed to survive. Riots broke out at the opening performance, bands of young patriots stormed the doors, and the management closed the piece—which, though Brasillach had once shown a nice poetic touch in his translations of Pindar, was merely a chilly rehash of Racine's "Bérénice"—but it finally opened again, playing to audiences with so-called "paid invitations," on which basis it still continues. Nevertheless, the reaction to it manifested the bitterness of the hatreds engendered in the Occupation years, and their violence, which can always be rekindled here. As a result, the play "Le Balcon," by the ex-criminal poet Jean Genet, in which Marie Bell was to have starred at the Théâtre Antoine, has been cancelled, out of fear of demonstrations, because of the play's blasphemies and the pro-Nazi overtones in Genet's war novel, "Pompes Funèbres."

There was, and still is, an anti-American comedy by Marcel Aymé, "La Mouche Bleue" (meaning "The Bluebottle Fly"), which caused a flurry in the American colony. In it, the teen-age daughter of the house falls down blind drunk, her mother introduces guests to each other by stating how much money each earns, the nice father is henpecked, it is made clear that Americans know nothing of any love except love for



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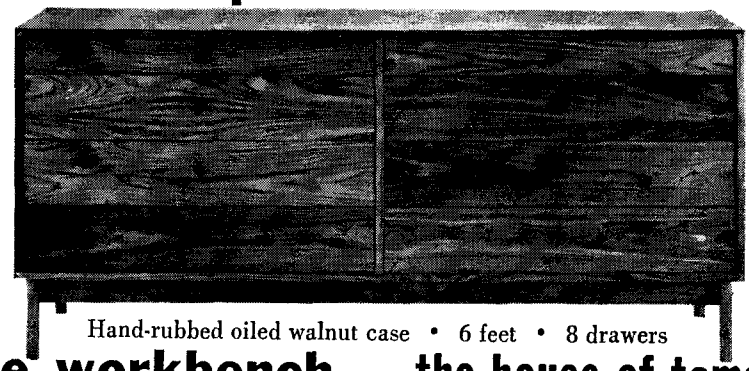

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money, and so on—on the whole, not a patch on the anti-American plays by Americans that are constantly seen on Broadway.

There was only one fine, truly critical, and thought-provoking play this season—Kafka's "Le Château," in which Barrault performed. Though regarded by the French as a fine trouper and repertory director but rather a ham actor, Barrault really did well in this play. The story itself, in case you don't already know, is about a wandering surveyor, Herr K., who has the same initial as the confused wretch in Kafka's "The Trial" and, like him, is unable to discover what is being inexorably imposed on him by officialdom and indifferent, uninformed, or subservient society. Through inertia, this Herr K. is not accorded an invitation to the château—the real center of worldly power—till after he has died of waiting. To serious theatregoers here, it seemed a tragic version of certain things actually going on in the world.

The next-best production was a fascinating, morbid playlet of a type—found in inferior quality in many of the little theatres here—that has sprung up as a result of the impact of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." This one is called "Comment S'En Débarrasser" ("How to Get Rid of Him") and is by the Rumanian-born playwright Eugène Ionesco, who originally wrote it as a short story for *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. It is the tale of an impoverished, unproductive writer and his wife, who have taken into their miserable flat a lodger who keeps growing and swelling in his bedroom until, pushing the furniture before him, he even starts invading the living room—a state of growth indicated on the stage by a pair of shoes about eight feet high, which are slowly propelled forward in spasmodic jerks. The lodger is the corpse of their dead domestic love, which has now taken over their quarrel-ridden home and life. An extra horror is the couple's lack of shock at the presence of this monster and their squabbles about what to do to get rid of him. This imaginative, powerful, and funny tragic playlet shows the same talent and strength as Ionesco's "Les Chaises," his other extraordinary analysis of failure.

SO lengthy a treatment of things purely theatrical that have occurred in Paris over the past few months may seem a dubious method of totting up real life here, yet the elements of reality are all there. There has been great labor unrest, with men striking for decent wages

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in the midst of tremendous French industrial prosperity and wealth, and cruelly high prices. There have been government confusion and worry—about national survival, about a budget, about the nation's wealth, about what to do to make men and intellectual affairs prosper. There has been the public violence that seizes the French whenever they think of the enforced collaboration of the war years. There has been anger at those who have succeeded too well (or not well enough). There has been anti-Americanism, and a sense of malaise at finding the path to the château of power—let's say on the Potomac—and there has been the question of how much power it really represents.

It is too late now to wish anybody *un heureux Noël* but not to hope for *une bonne nouvelle année.* —GENÊT

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ADELINE E. KENT SCHOOL
KENTFIELD, CALIFORNIA
OCTOBER 16, 1957

DEAR PARENT:

We have reached the stage in our Language Arts program where it is necessary to limit the sharing time. This does not mean the children should not continue to look for science materials.

After class discussion we have decided sharing days will be Monday and Friday. However, if something will not keep, such as a salamander or toad, please send them in when found. This does not include the insects that can be displayed dead as well as alive.

We will appreciate your help in this matter.

Sincerely,
HONOR BROWN
and
PATTY MOORE

—*Letter received by a parent.*

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THE BANGOR~CALAIS BRANCH

IN a recent issue of the Machias Valley (Maine) *News-Observer*, which found its way to me in California, I read that the Maine Central Railroad was discontinuing its passenger service on the hundred-and-thirty-three-mile Bangor-Calais branch line, running through Washington County. It seems too bad to allow the event to go unobserved at a season when one is likely to stop and look back at milestones, for I think the end of passenger service on the Bangor-Calais branch is one of these.

My first exposure to the line occurred in 1933, when I was eleven years old. My father, then a freight clerk in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in Greenville Junction, Maine, was transferred to a job in Fairville (now Lancaster), New Brunswick, near St. John. Those being depression days, it was decided that—for the time being, at least—my mother and I should make our home with my grandmother in Jonesport, Maine, a small seaside community in Washington County. Mother and I motored to Bangor, some seventy-five miles southeast of Greenville Junction, with an accommodating neighbor, arriving in the late afternoon. Then we boarded the Maine Central's Bangor-Calais local for the seventy-three-mile trip to Columbia Falls. From there we rode the thirteen remaining miles to Jonesport on the evening mail truck, going by way of Addison, where a mail delivery had to be made.

It was dark in Jonesport when we arrived, and thick-a-fog. My grandmother's kitchen was lighted by a kerosene lamp, behind which was a gleaming saucerlike reflector. After having some cocoa and molasses cookies, I went to bed in the front room upstairs, under the stern gaze of Admirals Farragut and Dewey, whose portraits, along with paintings of the vessels they had most famously commanded, hung on the walls. The last thing I recall before I dozed off, under a quilt smelling faintly of mothballs, was the muffled two-pitch bellow of the foghorn off Moosepeak Light, some six miles to the southeast.

During the four or five summers that followed our moving to Jonesport, I spent my vacations with my father in Fairville. Getting to Fairville, New Brunswick, from Jonesport was a journey of some consequence, or at least so it seemed to a boy in his early teens. At that time, the Maine Central ran four

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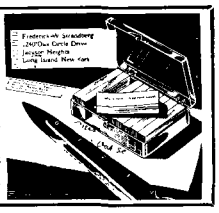

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passenger trains over its Bangor-Calais branch. Every morning, one train left Calais for Bangor and another left Bangor for Calais, and in the evening there was also one train each way. When I set out to pay my summer visit to my father, I would go from Jonesport to Columbia Falls (via Addison, on the early-morning mail truck) and there catch the eight-twenty-five for Calais. My mother always packed a lunch for me, and I would have consumed it by the time the train reached Machias, the county seat, some sixteen miles up the line.

The Bangor-Calais run is not what one would normally regard as scenic. That section of Maine is mostly either blueberry barrens or mile after mile of alders. Nevertheless, time did not hang heavy on my hands. After lunch, I followed the sequence of way stations on a timetable, checking up on the train with my pocket watch, and if the train left Machias or some other station five minutes late, I would note that fact in a small pocket diary. Occasionally I would go into the smoking section of one of the coaches (there were two, along with a baggage car and a mail car) and listen attentively to the conversation there, through a pall of Model or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed tobacco smoke. Now and then the trainmen, who all knew my father at least slightly, would chat with me.

UPON arriving in Calais, I would walk across the bridge over the St. Croix River to the Canadian customs, in St. Stephen. There I would wait for the early-afternoon departure of the St. Stephen-McAdam Junction local of the Canadian Pacific. My routine on this train did not differ very much from the one I followed on the Maine Central, except that I did not eat. It happened that I had an aunt and some cousins in McAdam Junction, where I was faced with a still longer wait between trains, and my aunt would have a midafternoon snack ready for me. After I had eaten, my cousins (an assortment of long, lanky, shrill girls) and I would swim in the nearby lake, and after supper I would board Canadian Pacific's No. 102, eastbound for St. John.

Once aboard 102, I would move my pocket watch an hour ahead, to Atlantic Standard Time, and, with the timetable, would chart the train's progress along the bank of the lower St. John River, making appropriate entries in the diary. I suppose that Westfield Beach, Grand Bay, Sagwa, and Ononette are still there, and that on summer evenings pretty girls in sports attire are still meeting No. 102 as it comes down through the deep twilight from McAdam Junction.

When I arrived in Fairville, not long after nine o'clock, at the end of a hundred-and-seventy-six-mile trip, I would wait around the station until my father had finished his evening trick at the freight shed. Then, as he and I climbed the steep hill toward his rooming house, I would hear the growing rumble of a long freight getting under way in the Fairville yards. I would stop and look back for a while, watching the lamp in the window of the freight's slowly moving caboose disappear gradually into the distance.

"That's nine-nought-seven," my father would remark. "Someday I'll let you go up to McAdam on her and spend the night. You can come back the next night on one-nought-two."

—RICHARD M. DOYLE

• •

ON THE UNREALITY OF TOOTHACHE

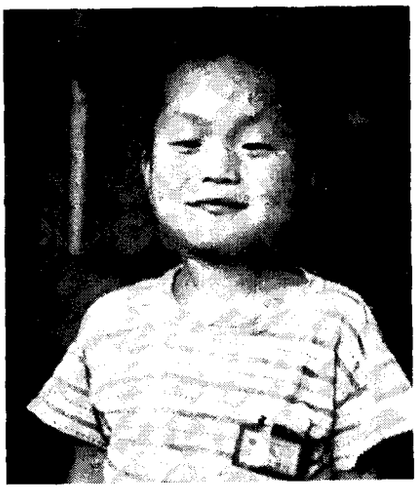
Can I be said to feel this odd sensation,
  This raging in my tooth, this so-called pain?
Or do I overstress the information
  Flashed through the nervous system to my brain?

My tooth is, after all, a lump of matter
  Quite unconnected with the higher Me.
It and its brothers have been known to chatter
  When I plunged rashly in the chilly sea

Without receiving any word to do so
  From the essential and the conscious soul.
Am I to act Man Friday to its Crusoe,
  Playing the underling's, the helot's role,

And at my servile tooth's insistent call
Beat this imperial head against the wall?

—R. P. LISTER



"I AM GOING TO BE A TEACHER"

Six-year-old Yoo Song Kim entered the first grade last April. He gets good marks and his wish to become a teacher is natural, for in Korea, a scholar is greatly revered and respected. Yoo Song, who was born after his father was killed in a bombing raid, is today supported by a widowed mother. Despite a crippled left hand, Mrs. Kim is a bread peddler and works late into the night to support two boys.

If determination and ambition are all that is needed, both boys will be educated even though free education stops at the 6th grade. From then on it will cost Mrs. Kim from $80 to $100 a year to send each child to school. Won't you help Yoo Song or others like him?

What $10 a month can do for a child like Yoo Song

There are 5,000 overseas children like Yoo Song who are sponsored through Save the Children Federation and receive a variety of food benefits, clothing and many other essentials. You can have a child of your own for only $10 a month —$120 a year. Won't you please help?

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THE AIR

Looking Back

IT may be well to begin this review of the year 1957 in television by giving you a short glossary of the expert, professional terms in which we critics find it second nature to think. I'll start out by saying that the term "television critic" was defined in 1957 by a network executive as meaning any former obituary writer on a newspaper who has happened to wander into video reviewing. It is used with marked distaste, since the thought of an obit writer following his trained instincts in his new medium is enough to make a network executive's blood turn to jello. Other key terms:

Oater—A Western program.

Suspenser, or Knuckle-Whitener—A suspense program with a taut, ominous title like "Crisis!," "Impact!," "Tension!," "Peril!," "Hark!," "Duck!," "Look Out!," or "No Parking!"

Kidult—An adventure series that appeals to child and grownup alike, such as "Robin Hood" or "The Walter Winchell File."

Soaper—The kind of show that appears on Channel 2 in the afternoon. Soapers held their own in 1957. They went like this:

"You're nothing if not frank."
"I thought you'd be interested."
"Would this be . . . an elegant form of blackmail?"
"Blackmail?"
"Blackmail!"

Quizzer—A quiz program.

Inquisitioner—The Mike Wallace kind of total-interview program, from which, according to Nick Kenny, "many of them [the guests] slink home like whipped curs with their tails between their legs." "We predict that the style will be short-lived," Mr. Kenny has said.

Situationer—A situation comedy, like "I Love Lucy." I predict that the style will be short-lived.

Stand-Up Comedian—Any performer who feels that comic material is necessary to comedy. Apart from Jack Paar and Dody Goodman, who rise from a sitting position only to step on each other's lines, the type is virtually obsolete, standing or sitting.

Discless jockey—A disc jockey who has, in the course of time, eliminated all sounds from his program except those made by himself and his guests. Barry Gray is an example, and the term is pretty much indigenous to radio. I mention it now merely because of a remark made by Mr. Gray in 1957, which I think will get me launched on my review of the year. The noted platterless philosopher was discussing the problems that confronted Mr. Paar in his TV comeback, which was imminent at the time.

"It's like starting with a noose around your neck," Mr. Gray said. "You've got twenty-six weeks to make good or they'll shoot you." After a moment's pause for thought, he then topped himself in the field of metaphor, to the delight of Gray fans, whose name is legion, by adding, "That sword of Damocles can be a rough proposition."

Well, that's all very true. But Mr. Paar made good before the sword could go off and choke him, and in doing so he proved once more that comedy is a calling that carries within it the seeds of unrest and anarchy. The talk of TV in the last month or so has been that the comedy of Miss Goodman, the assistant comedian on "Tonight," was getting in the way of Mr. Paar's comedy, and that Mr. Paar had disciplined Dody by reducing her air time and raising her salary. The cure was simpler in the old off-camera days of comedy. Theatre legend has it that once, when Ed Wynn and W. C. Fields were both members of the cast of Ziegfeld's "Follies," Mr. Fields, performing behind a pool table, found that he was getting laughs at the wrong times. Investigation showed him that Mr. Wynn was onstage and mugging at the audience from beneath the table. He corrected the situation by hitting his colleague over the head with a pool cue and knocking him more or less senseless. In television, in 1957, when loving good will between performers was the rule of the medium, I'd say that Mr. Paar's only alternative to doing what he did about Miss Goodman would have been to hug her fondly every thirty seconds—in which case his comedy would have become indistinguishable from Perry Como's, and hers from Dinah Shore's or a wrestler's.

"Well, Madam, do you see anything that likes you?"

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Television's capacity for tenderness was formidable all year. I could never fail to be impressed by the thought, based on information that came to me from somewhere, that the program "This Is Your Life," though it prefers to take its victims by surprise, was making exceptions in certain cases, and giving warning in advance—for the sake, as I heard it, of the potential guest's health. When put on notice, the subject, instead of buying a ticket to Hot Springs or to Switzerland, invariably took his chances on "This Is Your Life," which seems to show that benevolence is not only narcotic but contagious as well. Even the unwarned guests on the program were marked in their reactions by a combination of shock and good will. In the circumstances, Jack Dempsey managed to turn what struck me as one of the neatest compliments of the year during his appearance on "This Is Your Life." (It may have been a "repeat" I saw, rather than an original showing; 1957 was a big year for repeats.) The host, Ralph Edwards, had mentioned a figure in Dempsey's past, Gene Tunney. "Gene Tunney," said Dempsey, warmly and at once, "regardless of what anybody says, was a great champion."

There was asperity in 1957, too—as when a producer of commercials, Jean Blake, said for publication that she was getting mighty tired of jests and sneers against commercials. The joke seems thin and dated, Miss Blake said, when you consider that commercials are growing more tasteful and interesting all the time. Stressing the need for sportsmanship, for the spirit of give-and-take, she pointed out that the viewer owes something to those who make the magic of home entertainment possible. She then put into words her philosophy of partnership in television: "I like to think of it as the viewer inviting the sponsor to a duck dinner—with the sponsor bringing the ducks."

I like to think of Miss Blake thinking of it that way, but I more often think of it as the viewer inviting the repairman to come over and fix the set so that he can find out what the sponsor is doing for him today. The economics of home entertainment were steady last year; according to government statistics, the public spent two and a half billion dollars to buy sets and seven hundred and fifty million dollars to have them repaired. This represented a ratio of a little more than three to one between purchase costs and maintenance costs—a figure that falls just below Plimsoll and Dixon's line of household revolution, above which it is cheaper to adopt

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The foreign flavor's here, just overnight...in Québec. Quaint customs and costumes...narrow, winding streets... sight-seeing by sleigh..."poke-around" shops...*and* the gay social center, Château Frontenac.

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Special all-expense holiday rates: 3, 7, 10 days, $54.75 to $172.00 per person, double room. Includes meals, ski lessons, skating, tobogganing.

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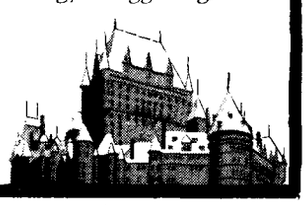
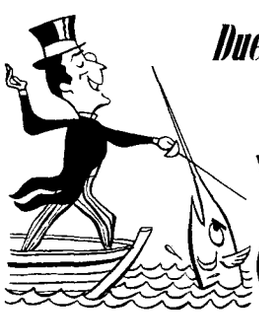
Canadian Pacific, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. PLaza 9-4433





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SALES REPRESENTATIVE
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a repairman legally and send a son or a daughter away.

In the vital field of ratings in television, the most poignant problem was that of Ed Sullivan. I'm not thinking of Mr. Sullivan's troubles with "Maverick" or with Steve Allen but of the time, early in the year, when he almost committed commercial suicide by culture. A pact between himself and the Metropolitan Opera Company had called for five appearances by Met singers on the Sullivan variety show. The first appearance—involving eighteen minutes of "Tosca"—cost Mr. Sullivan six points' worth of rating. The second wounded him just as deeply. During the third, the desperate variety master interpolated a ventriloquist between two opera numbers, in self-defense, and was rewarded in the nick of time by the displeasure of Mr. Rudolf Bing, who has no vote in Trendex. "Artistic attitudes have come into conflict," Mr. Sullivan announced, with relief, "and the contract is abridged." He mopped his brow. Six points, as he remarked to the press, is a lot of points.

In England, Reginald Rose's television play "Thunder on Sycamore Street," based on riots that took place in Cicero, Illinois, when a Negro moved into an otherwise white neighborhood, was produced as originally written. Here, the Negro became a white ex-convict, and the play was done in compatible color.

I find I have omitted consideration of many of the forms described in the glossary. You'll have to bear in mind that this review is more of a cameo-type survey than an appreciation-in-depth. As regards oaters, knuckle-whiteners, kidults, quizzers, and situationers, I'll simply say that 1957 was a key year for all of them, in one way or another. To close on a more constructive note, I feel that what the medium needs most of all is a new half-hour series package with a box-office format.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

The prospective bridegroom attended Groton School and was graduated from Yale in 1949 where he belonged to Delta Kappa Epsilon and Skull and Bonds.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

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[*Headlines in the Times*]

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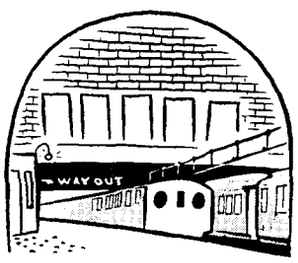
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 24

LAST week was for many people an extraordinary one, and they wonder whether it may not turn out to be a sort of landmark in the surrounding gloom. It was the week when, above the voices of the fifteen NATO nations, all jawing away in Paris, there suddenly sounded the steady rumble of the voices of the ordinary men and women of Europe who were being represented at the conference table, and there is a feeling here that they made their mark on the conference decisions. For that matter, no government in its senses could afford to pretend not to hear what such an impressively large number of citizens are beginning to say so clearly—in spite of anything that the press or the politicians may be telling them they ought to think—and Mr. Macmillan tacitly acknowledged that he had heard, all right, by stating in Paris that he was prepared to "go to any lengths in discussions, debate, or argument that would prove our sincerity to the Russians."



As at the time of Suez, the national disquiet has become a political factor. It felt rather like Suez again in the House of Commons last Friday, when the NATO talks were debated just before Parliament shut up shop and departed for the Christmas recess—the same atmosphere of extreme tension, the crowds of members squeezed along the benches and standing jam-packed at the far end of the chamber, the cheers and the derisive jeers, and, high above everything, the great, anonymous chunk of the British public in the visitors' galleries, clasping their newspapers and little bits of Christmas shopping and leaning watchfully forward, as though anxious to chip in on the vital discussions.

The Government did not shine in the debate. Considering the way people are talking about a new approach to the Russians, few of the listening public can have heard anything much to cheer them in Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's speech, which consisted mostly of the same old catalogue of instances of Soviet hostility and insincerity, coupled with pious assurances that if the Soviet Union truly wished to meet the West and talk business—a strange diplomatic way of leading up to an invitation, indeed—Britain, at any rate, would be on the stand with (his listeners were left to assume) the same old impossible agenda, which kills meetings stone dead before anyone's feet are fairly under the table. Aneurin Bevan, who followed, cruelly supposed that Mr. Lloyd—whose retention as Foreign Secretary remains for large numbers of exasperated Britons the champion among inexplicable political conundrums—must be feeling tired after his labors in Paris, which would account for a speech that was sure to disappoint his own party as much as it would disappoint the country. (The papers next day did rate it as depressingly maladroit.) Mr. Bevan's own remarkable speech was cheered by his party for two tumultuous minutes, while the Government benches sat in glum silence.

The biggest noise of the debate raged, of course, over the two controversial subjects now being hotly argued by ordinary citizens up and down the country—the American H-bombers' practice flights, loaded up at the ready, from English bases, and the promise of ballistic Christmas stockings from Washington, which seems to have been received by the public here, as elsewhere in Europe, with an acute absence of pleasure. The Prime Minister repeated with vehemence that the British Government had the right to veto the dispatch of American H-bombers from British soil on real business, but it is doubtful whether this assurance will do much to placate public opinion, which seems to feel that the country was kept in the dark over the bombers and, if it does not look sharp, may be kept in the dark over the proposed rocket sites, too. Mr. Macmillan—no doubt genuinely weary himself after the Paris meetings—unfortunately did not give the impression of being crystal clear on the latter subject himself. Mr. Bevan, in discussing the bases, stated that his party was prepared to heave a measure of British sovereignty overboard "for an overriding international purpose" but was "not prepared to do it merely to add to the sovereign power of another nation," and, to judge by the heads being nodded in agreement over on the Government back benches, this view had its supporters there, too. When the House divided at the end of the debate, five of the seven Tory independent members, to show their disapproval of Britain's becoming Ameri-

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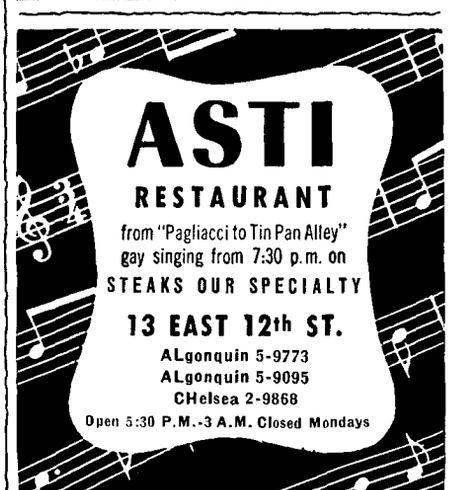

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ca's front line, firmly sat on their hands and did not vote. The Government got home by a dwindled majority of thirty-eight (if the Liberal Party strings along, its full majority over Labour is fifty-four), a result that was greeted by the Opposition with raucous cheers and—again a Suez echo—the fatuous invitation to "Resign! Resign!," which the Government has no intention of doing, needless to say.

Lots of ordinary English, it should be added, undoubtedly interpreted the debate and the newspaper reports of the NATO talks as a sharp digging in of European toes against American leadership, there being an increasing tendency to question where they are being led and to dislike the answer. It is ironic, and unhappily true, that for the average citizen here the United States, which has made such enormous gestures of generosity to the world, is becoming exclusively identified with weapons of death and destruction—far more so, it seems, than the Soviet Union, maybe because the Soviet Union keeps quieter about it. In the avalanche of thermonuclear propaganda that comes tumbling out of Washington, what frightens Britons most, so they say, is the feeling that the Americans are going ahead with the arms race in utter hopelessness and that the administration in Washington has no real intention of going any way at all to meet the Russians. The report that Mr. Dulles had said he had not even read the last Russian note dealt a fresh discouraging blow to the prestige of America as a reducer of world tension, and was bitterly remarked upon. Large numbers of British think that the NATO meeting, for all its windy reiterated bromides, may have produced the first glimmer of what more and more people here regard as sanity—a move toward new talks with the Soviet Union, to which the Western allies will bring some new, hard ideas. There seems to be little of the old blithe assumption, which used to be so popular in the Labour Party, that just sitting around a table with the Russians would mysteriously bring forth splendid results. The bleak experience of recent years has knocked that one on the head, all right. But very many serious Britons now appear to believe—and it is interesting how many Conservatives as well as Socialists tell you this—that it would be infinitely preferable to agree to disagree for the moment on all the old deadlocked questions, and to try for a break where even the most limited agreement might be possible. In other words, a growing volume of thought

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and talk here is opting for more imaginative politics to sort out the East-West dilemma, and for fewer rockets, and these views are not, alas, exactly increasing the popularity of the United States government, generally supposed by the ordinary citizen to be sitting firmly planted behind the rockets. The joint broadcast of President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles last night, incidentally, produced gloom.

One American voice, at any rate, has been listened to during the last few weeks with tremendous interest and excitement—Professor George Kennan's, in his broadcast series of Reith Lectures on "Russia, the Atom, and the West," which kept families glued expectantly to their radios for six Sunday evenings, which flooded Broadcasting House with requests for rebroadcasts from all over the world, and which, now that they are over, are still echoing in newspaper editorials, television debates, and private discussions. The lectures, named after the B.B.C.'s first director-general, Lord Reith, have been going since 1948, when Bertrand Russell gave the first series, on "Authority and the Individual." Arnold Toynbee made a big stir five years ago on the subject of "The World and the West," but it was as nothing compared to the impact of the Kennan broadcasts, which has been quite phenomenal. In view of the way public opinion was moving here, they seemed to most of his listeners like the opening of a door, through which blew great blasts of the blessed, reviving air of calm good sense—reviving indeed to lots of Britons beginning to suffer from missile claustrophobia. In view, too, of the way the B.B.C. is always being hauled over the coals by someone or other for the scarcity of its intelligent items, its 1957 Reith Lectures were, it is

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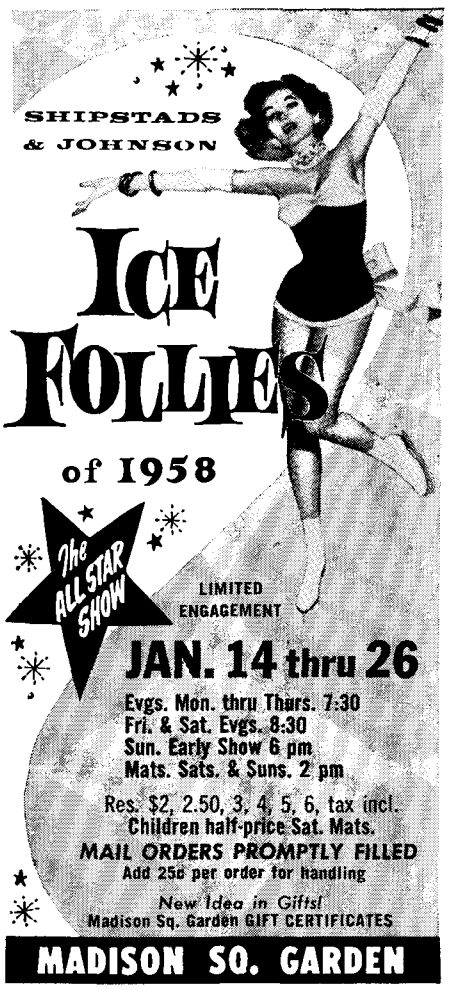
handsomely agreed, a really magnificent Christmas present.

THE big local topic for Londoners has been the bank-rate tribunal, which has been sitting at Church House, Westminster, to decide whether or not there was a leak of information from informed sources to account for the sudden heavy selling of gilt-edged government stock just before the bank rate was whacked up by a startling two per cent on September 19th. The tribunal, now just ended, sat for twelve days under Lord Justice Parker and two Queen's Counsels, heard a hundred and thirty witnesses examined by the Attorney General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, for the Crown, and will now make its report to Parliament. It has been an engrossing affair, and people have followed it daily with absorbed interest, as though dropping in on another act of a first-class drama. The incredible cast (called as witnesses) included the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Governor of the Bank of England, various directors of the Bank of England, the former Chairman of the Conservative Party, the editor of the *Times*, other eminent editors and financial journalists, and a succession of spruce, pink-jowled City gentlemen easing themselves and their briefcases into the witness chair. As a bizarre and comic touch, this whole imposing edifice was originally balanced on the reported cheerful prattle of a pretty nineteen-year-old girl who worked in the Conservative central office; her alleged conversation with a male cousin (which she denied in testimony) as they both commuted toward London by train sent him packing off to Mr. Gaitskell, the Opposition leader, who asked the Prime Minister to instigate a public inquiry. The witnesses spoke of conversations on rich men's grouse moors, on the corner of Threadneedle Street, at lunch in City clubs, in cars bearing directors of the Bank of England to their offices, in the bar at the Sadler's Wells ballet, and, as a final touch of wild humor, at a Mayfair cocktail party on September 18th, where a middle-aged ex-actress apparently produced, as the kind of small talk that goes well with a canapé and a Martini, the amazingly accurate stray shot that the bank rate would go up next day. She really could not remember what had made her say such a thing, she testified at the inquiry, but in any case no one had taken much notice at the time. The most fascinating feature of the proceedings, though, was the fact that they were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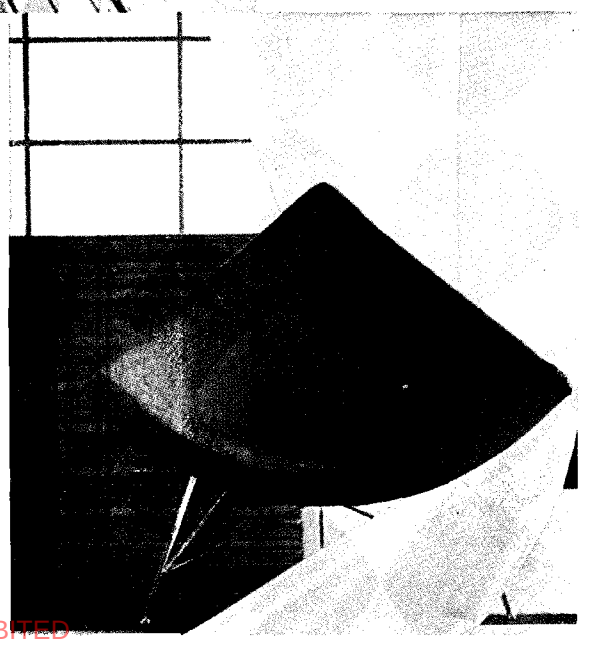

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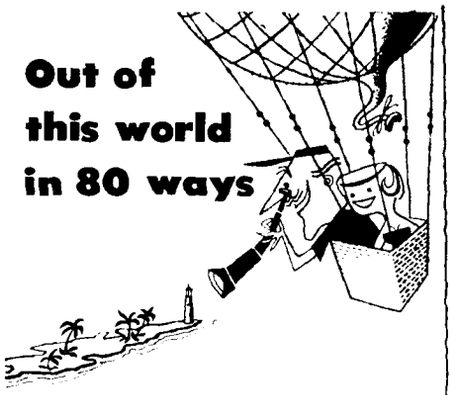

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really carried on in two totally different languages, which slowed them down with frequent pauses for interpretation—the language understood by the chairman and his colleagues, by the examining lawyers, and by the members of the public looking on, and the language spoken by the powerful men of the City of London, with their patient explanations, made as tolerantly as though to children, that a deal of a million or so pounds was "really, My Lord, nothing unusual—comparatively small." One matter that the tribunal report—expected sometime in January—will probably deal with is the difficult question raised by the inquiry as to whether directors of the Bank of England, who are, naturally, informed in advance of bank-rate changes, should also be active directors of private City firms. For outsiders, it has all been a revealing glimpse into a special, jealously closed world, now forced to come to the tribunal and lay its private letters, its account books, its diaries, and its engagement calendars face upward on the table. Many Conservatives are wondering what the average hard-up voter is going to make of it.

THIS is not English Christmas-card weather. The evenings are mild and damp, with a touch of haze, which makes the striped balloons voyaging overhead on Regent Street, the huge lighted Christmas tree among the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and the hurrying crowds everywhere look as though they had cropped up by mistake in autumn. And so from us in London to you over there a brighter New Year—and a clearer one, too—for us all.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

EASTCHESTER—Police report someone threw a stone and broke a window of a southbound New York Central train on the Harlem Division Saturday night. The incident occurred a little south of the Scarsdale station.

"'Tis better never to be named than to be ill spoken of," S. Centlivre.—*Mount Vernon (N.Y.) Daily Argus.*

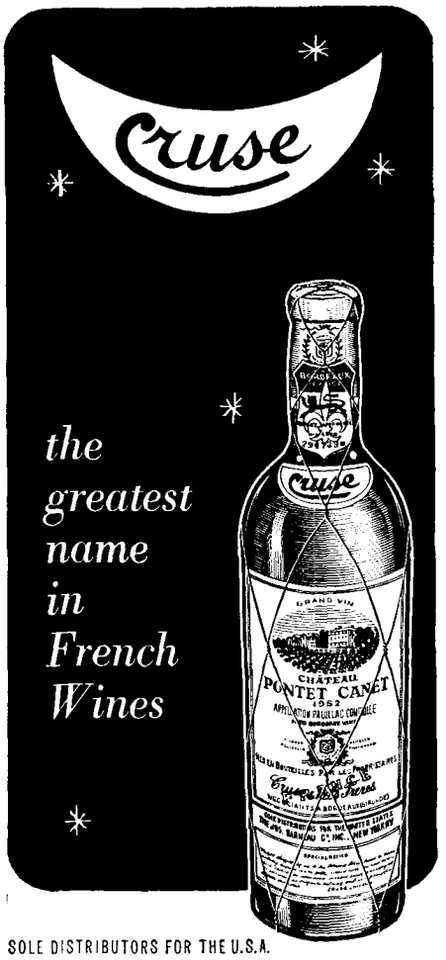
O.K., but we've got a pretty good idea who did it.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," by Edgar Allan Poe*]

I owned a sail-boat called the *Ariel*, and worth about seventy-five dollars. She had a half-deck or cuddy, and was rigged sloop-fashion—I forget her tonnage, but she would hold ten persons without much crowding.



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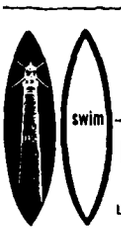

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Old Army Game

"PATHS OF GLORY," Humphrey Cobb's famous novel of 1935, has finally been adapted to the screen, putting an end to a good deal of nervous nail-biting on the part of American moviemakers, who have been circling and sniffing at the property for two decades. Cobb's intention was to demonstrate not simply that war is hell but also that it is a gigantic swindle—a proposition that, considering the tenor of the times, naturally gave pause to men who had no desire to upset any popular applecarts. Cobb's war, of course, was the First World War, and now that it is fairly far behind us, the movies have taken the plunge, showing us the horrifying military microcosm that provided the core of the novel. While the film (it has the same name) is not entirely satisfactory—you may remember that the book occasionally advanced some pretty obvious contrivances to make its point—it is often a compelling piece of work.

The story in the screen version, as put together by Jim Thompson, Calder Willingham, and Stanley Kubrick, holds close to the original pattern, and Mr. Kubrick, who also directed the movie, has spared us none of the grisly scenes that made the novel such a shocker. What we are concerned with here is a French regiment on the Western Front of four decades ago. A corps commander has the idea that this particular regiment should attempt to capture a rise known as the Ant Hill. There isn't much chance of success, but, as the corps chap points out to the general commanding the division in which the regiment serves, there's a good chance of promotion if the area should be taken. As a third member of the brass we have the commanding officer of the regiment itself—a colonel, formerly a civilian, who thinks the whole scheme is asinine and murderous but has to follow orders in true-blue military style. The colonel proves right in his opinion. The French artillery is ordered to fire on the regiment, to keep the men from retreating, and the whole bloody affair winds up in a shambles. In the face of this fiasco, the division commander demands that ten men from every company be tried for the failure of all. The colonel cuts this quota down to three men, all told. One is selected by lot; another is singled out by his lieutenant, who despises him; and the third is chosen by common consent, being generally considered no good mentally, morally, or spiritually. After a farcical court-martial, these men are sent to their doom, nothing having been accomplished from start to finish except to make it clear that the French military establishment needs a really big overhauling.

Mr. Kubrick has succeeded very well, I think, in getting first-class performances from all those who serve in "Paths of Glory." Kirk Douglas is the most effective, as the colonel with a spark of charity for the poor, driven soldiers under his care, but Adolphe Menjou, as the corps commander, is also commendable, and so is George Macready, as the division commander. Maybe this isolated view of the First World War, which is based on an actual occurrence, makes for a rather one-sided argument, but the thing has quite a dramatic wallop anyhow.

"ALL AT SEA" presents Alec Guinness as a retired salt who, though descended from a long line of eminent naval men, has spent a good part of his life on the deep in an agony of seasickness. Once away from the briny, he takes over an amusement pier and promptly sets out to make it as taut as any battleship in the fleet. As written by T. E. B. Clarke, who was the author responsible for "The Lavender Hill Mob," the picture furnishes a scene here and there that shows Mr. Guinness at his felicitous best, but most of the time it maunders along, striving desperately to wring comedy out of banal situations.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

WISCONSIN'S BLACK RIVER FLOWED PURE BEER TODAY. RAYMOND BURLINSON'S TRUC MISSED A CURVE ON A HIGHWAY NEAR BLACK RIVER FALLS . . . AND RAN DOWN A 25-FOOT EMBANKMENT. BURLINSON RECEIVED ONLY MINOR INJURIES BUT HIS COMPLETE TRUCKLOAD OF BEER SPILLED INTO THE RIVER.

YOU HAVE BEEN LISHENING TO FIVE MINUTES OF THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE UNITED PRESS . . . THE NEXT—(SATION) NEWSCAST WILL BE AT—(TIME).—*U. P. news dispatch.*

Lay off that branch water!

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

REASON AND CHANCE IN SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, by R. Taton, translated from the French by A. J. Pomerans (Philosophical Library). A fine and, in this crucial hour, a most timely study of the nature of fundamental—or true—scientific research. The author examines some of the great contributions to mathematics and the physical and biological sciences in which, by popular tradition, either serendipity (the happy accident) or *Geistesblitz* (the flash of inspiration) played a significant role, and comes to the hard and unromantic conclusion, first plainly enunciated by Pasteur, that "in research, chance only helps those whose minds are well prepared for it," and Dr. Taton adds, no less importantly, that most great scientific discoveries have been made "on soil that had already been prepared to some extent," and that "however revolutionary a scientist may have been, his work is only a more or less direct continuation of the work of his predecessors." Illustrated. Ten dollars.

THE CONFEDERATE READER, edited by Richard B. Harwell (Longmans, Green). It comes as something of a surprise to learn, as one turns the pages of this book, that despite the hand-to-mouth existence to which the Confederacy was reduced almost from the instant of its establishment, the newspaper and magazine presses of the South continued to roll throughout the war. Moreover, to judge from the fifty-odd pieces assembled here—reporting, travel diaries, humorous sketches, biographical studies—the work they published (particularly that appearing in the *Southern Illustrated News* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*) was neither hack nor hurried nor conspicuously provincial. An interesting and certainly a most unusual book. Contemporary photographs, drawings, and cartoons.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: FIRST IN PEACE, by John Alexander Carroll and Mary Wells Ashworth (Scribner). The late Douglas Southall Freeman's monumental biography of George Washington has been finished for him by two capable associates, members of the staff that worked with him on the study for years. This

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volume, the seventh, deals with the last seven years of Washington's life—from March, 1793, to December, 1799, to be exact—and covers his unhappy second term as President, in which he tried, unsuccessfully, to hold himself above the Hamilton-Jefferson battle; his brief retirement to Mount Vernon; and his recall to the job of Commander-in-Chief in 1798, when it looked as if there might be war with France. In view of the difficulty of filling in the outlines of another man's work, Mr. Carroll and Mrs. Ashworth have done an excellent job; Volume VII is a perfect architectural match for Volumes I through VI. What is missing—and this loss was sadly obvious from the day in 1953 that Dr. Freeman died—is his personal, all-things-considered estimate of the work's extraordinary subject. Illustrated. Ten dollars.

HOME IS THE PLACE, by Stefanie Lauer (Knopf). In 1938, the author and her family, rich German Jews, were stuck in Berlin, waiting to get out of the country before Hitler killed them. In this book, which is part fiction and part memoir, Mrs. Lauer tries to show that they were a lovable, cheery bunch, no less lovable and cheery because of their grim situation. Unfortunately, the adult characters appear captious and quarrelsome, the children brattish—and Ruth, the fifteen-year-old narrator and author's representative in the book, seems astoundingly unperceptive of her parents' worries and of the kind of suffering that even casual visitors to Berlin saw. The explanation may lie in the fact that the author herself was only ten at the time. Her memories are those of a child who was young enough to be protected from any awareness of tragedy, and perhaps they seem callous merely because they are attributed to a fictional "I" who is old enough to know better.

•

A treat for lovers with limited funds will be the offering for sale of original etchings, lithographs and aquatints of Rouault, Orozco and Kollwitz.—*Town & Village.*

It narrows the field, though.

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the Denver Rocky Mountain News*]

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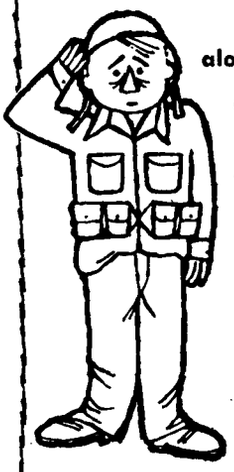
DRAFTEE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



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